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IN

SMOCK-ALLEY.

*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur: Optimus ille est,
Qui minimis Urgetur.*

HOR.



DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL, for P. CRAMPTON, at
Addison's-Head, opposite to the Horse-Guard, in
Dame-Street, Bookteller, MDCCLXXXIII.

Dramatis Personæ.

Count Collonni (supposed dead) Father to Her- culeo and Lavinia,	Mr. Fra. Elrington.
Herculeo his Son	Mr. Jo. Elrington.
Count Ursino Father to Vincentio, Ariomana, and Parthenia.	Mr. Philips.
Vincentio.	Mr. Watson.
Trivoltio, A Friend to both Houses.	Mr. Ra. Elrington.
Lazarillo Bumbardo, a Spaniard, a Bravo.	Mr. Layfield.
Pedro } 2 merry Clowns Lopez } Servants to Ur- sino and Trivoltio.	Mr. Vanderbank.
	Mr. Griffith.

W O M E N.

<i>Ariomana,</i> and <i>Parthenia.</i>	The Twin Daugh- ters of Count Col- lonni, so like, that their Lovers mistake them not knowing a dif- ference but their Names. <i>Parthenia</i> being disguised, takes the Name of <i>Romeo</i> .	<i>Mrs. Neale.</i> <i>Mrs. Bellamy.</i>
<i>Lavinia</i> Daughter to Count <i>Collonni</i>		<i>Mrs. Wrightson.</i>
<i>Nurse</i>		<i>Miss Butcher.</i>
<i>Maid</i>		<i>Mrs. Parker.</i>

Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, VERONA.

Page 64. Line 2. acts.



A N



All Vows kept.

ACT I. SCENE I.

As the Curtain draws, it discovers Count Collonni, and Lord Trivoltio.

COLLONNI.



HUS you have heard the Story of
our Houles,
The secret Springs that rais'd this cur-
sed Faction,
And laid so many of our Friends in
Death.
My late Defeat has cool'd my boiling
Blood:

My Wounds, my almost mortal Wounds, have op'd
My Eyes, to see the Charms of Peace. 'Tis Time,
O, my *Trivoltio*! that these Feuds were ended.

Triv. 'Tis Heaven inspires the Thought!

Coll. In the last Action, when our Parties met,
My Fury carried me too far. I was surrounded;
Unequal Numbers bore me down: I fell,
And left for dead: But, Oh, my *Trivoltio*!

B

Just

Just in that Moment, a faithful Servant rais'd me up,
Despairing of my Life.

When Heaven, and his kind Hand, restor'd my Senses;
'Twas then I vow'd, either to heal the Breach

Between *Ursino's* Family and mine,

Or fly this Place, ne'er to be heard of more,

And be for ever what all Men think me, dead!

Triv. If my poor Hand can aid this glorious Work,
I need not say, command, your Lordship knows me.

Coll. Thanks to my Friend. This Morn I visited
My Son, my poor *Herculeo*, dress'd in a terrible
Disguise, and grim Array of Death;

I frighted the Boy, so I departed from him.

(My Keys give me Access at any Hour)

Just now I mean to prove him, to try his Soul,

And see if Virtue dwells within his Heart.

O, my *Trivoltio*! tell him the Blifs of Peace;

Paint Vengeance in as horrid Looks as Hell,

And change his Thoughts to Sentiments of Love.

Tell him *Ursino* has a Daughter,

By wedding her all Jars may cease, and I

Sleep quiet in my Grave.

Triv. Believe it done already. O! I rejoice

To find my honour'd Friend alive,

And in his Mind so noble a Resolve.

Coll. No more, my Friend, we may be observ'd
I'll see thee

Here each Night, and plot this happy change.

[Exit

Enter young Count Herculeo, and Lazarillo Bardo.

Bomb. Clear up, my Lord, those cloudy Looks
Grief.

Why so sad for a Father? by *Pluto's* Beard,

Or, by mine own, which is more terrible,

I will revenge like furious *Minotaur*.

Advance thy Head; scour up thy bilboe Blade:

For since the horrid Wars of *Granado*,

Against the grisly *Moors*, where all my noble
Ancestors were slain, their Issue left

Have died in bloody Battle : Yet, I weep not.
 Command these Nerves ; by *Stygian Lake* I swear,
 To do more than you can bid me, or than
 Some dare speak. O ! how my lofty Heart
 Swells by my Deeds, to make the dull World know,
 And tremble at my Valour. ———

Herc. O, the Ghost ! the Ghost ! O, my distemper'd
 Soul !

Have Mercy, Heaven !

Bomb. ——— Let the Cravin cry
 For Mercy : It is a Woman's Word, unknown
 In *Spanish* Tongue : A Ghost, a bugbear Ghost.
 Speak, Lord, dares any Fury trouble you ?
 Courage, young *Mars* : If all the Damn'd in Hell
 Should now presume to interrupt your quiet ;
 I'd whip them down into their fiery Goals :
 Though they can feel no Smart, yet I will cut them,
 And cleave the Center for my honour'd Lord.
 If Devils have no bones, yet I will bang
 Their airy Sides, that they shall fear my Looks.
 Then be not troubled : By *Phlegeton*, I wish,
 That *Belzebub* durst brave with me,
 That you ———

*Enter Count Collonni, disguis'd as a Ghost, and wafts to
 Herculeo, which Bombardo seeing, falls on his Face,
 and trembles : Herculeo draws his Sword.*

Herc. Stand : Do not approach : Speak, gentle Spirit ;
 Thou look'st so like a Face I once did reverence,
 I dare not call thee damn'd. ———

*[Collonni passes by, and makes Signs to Herculeo to
 follow.]*

What should I go with thee ? O ! whither ? why ?
 How have I offended thee, that thou shouldest intice
 Thy Son into eternal Darkness ? ———

[Collonni beckons.]

Go on ; arm'd with thy Looks I vow to follow.

*[Exit Collonni ; and Bombardo creeps away at the
 other Door.]*

Stay, *Herculeo*, put up thy Sword, fond Man,
 What canst thou do against an airy Thing ?

It was the Shadow of my murth'rd Father,
Which called, and I promis'd; advise, advise.
Perhaps it would betray me: Why should it then
Assume that honest Face? Spirits can take
The likeness of an Angel, to deceive frail Man.
Be wise, and fly to Heaven for Succour: Help,
Help, ye Immortals! assist your brittle Creature,
Ready to crack with his own Grief: Yet I
Must go, or break my Word with him. No, no,
It cannot be, if his unrestful Soul
Hover in the Air, that he can wish me Harm.

Enter Collonni again importunately beckoning.

Oh! it returns. ———

I know thou wilt not tempt me to a Sin;
If for Revenge of thy lost Blood you come,
I am not made of Marble. These Tears, which are
Not always Signs of Fear, shew I am Flesh,
And Man. Do not distrust my latest Love.
My Father, I am your Son, and will revenge:
I vow, to grave your purple Epitaph,
In Characters of Wounds. ———

[Collonni shews Anger, and presseth to be followed.]

Rest troubled Soul: Have you worse Counsel yet,
To give your desperate Heir? I come, I come:
Lead where thou wilt I will thy Shadow trace.

[Exit Collonni, Herculeo followeth it, and they both enter at another Door.]

Herc. I will no farther go.

Speak, or I burst with Pain, and shall, like thee,
A Spirit restless wander on the Earth:
Yet if I do, I will the Closets haunt
Of bloody *Ursino*: Children in Cradles laid
Shall not sleep quietly; in every Ear
I will ring Murther, and Revenge from Hell.
I know thou can'st not rest, 'till I have washt
My Hands in Blood. ———

Coll. ——— No, no, *Herculeo*,
Thou dost mistake thy Father every Way:
I come not to revenge; but for thy Good,
I saw thy Blood boil black within thy Veins;

All Vows kept.

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And could not rest in peaceful Shades of Death,
'Till I had made on Earth my Testament;
Not of my Lands, the Law gives them to thee;
But of a Father's Counsel, which few dying
Men take Thought of.

But I, *Herculeo*, was prevented, by
The fatal Stroak of the *Ursino's* Hate:
Heavens forgive them. But my indulgent Soul,
Could not descend into the Fields of Rest,
'Till I had left to thee, a better Title
To Happiness, than thou can'st find in Wrath.
O, my dear Son! I come to temper thee:
Pardon my Blood; pardon the bloody Men;
Pardon thy self in this; for mad Revenge
Can find no Limits, but in general Ruin,
And all die guilty. Nothing doth more deceive
The greedy Nature of a furious Man,
Than Thought of Quiet in obtain'd Vengeance,
And he that dies enjoying pleasing Blood,
Finds in his Soul a thousand Enemies;
For his own Thoughts are his own Tormentors.
Be ruled then, my Son, forgive, forgive:
Convert thy Thoughts to Charity and Love;
There is sweet Rest, and Peace ineffable:
They are the fair Gates of Heaven, by which
Angels conduct those, that like Angels here
Do Offices of Good, to wicked Men.
Forgive, *Herculeo*; I forgive them all,
And do conjure thee, by a Father's Power,
Be reconcil'd to old *Ursino's* House.

Herc. It is impossible!

Coll. It must, it must be so, if not, my Son —

Herc. Urge me no more: Nay, do not frown,
I did obey thee living, and now will
Obey thy Shadow; I vow, I will obey thee;
Submit, to Count *Ursino*, all my Passions:
I forgive them more, than they can offend.
Rest, my dear Father; rest, in silent Night;
You have new-gotten me: And here, I swear,
I never will molest thee more.

B 3

Coll.

Coll. Then I depart in Peace, and will no more
 Trouble the Air, until that happier Day,
 That I will crown *Verona* with Accord,
 Which unborn Babes with Joy shall celebrate.
Herculeo, farewell; my Blessing stay with thee;
 Comfort *Lavinia*, and remember me. [*Ex. Collonni.*
Enter Bombardo, with a Candle and Lanthorn in his
Hand, making a Circle with a white Rod.

Bomb. Per todos los santos, Padres, et Fratres dellas
 ciento mille ordines. [*He spies his Master, and starts.*
 ——— My Lord;

Is the Spirit gone? By *Charon*, and his Boat,
 I was resolved: — But if it come again,
 With Words more roaring than the Voice of Cannons,
 I will confront it; and scourge the trembling Elf.
 Saw you not how pale it lookt, when I —

Herc. When you crept away; yes, *Bombardo*, I saw it;
 Peace, and let it rest; it was an honest Spirit.

Bomb. ——— How, Sir?
 An honest Spirit? then I will be Friends with him.

Herc. ——— Peace, Potgun;
 Thou troublest me. O, may'st thou rest in Peace!
 Thou that hast cured my infected Soul,
 And taught it Meditations, far unknown
 To Mans corrupted Nature. Now within
 My raging Breast, I feel a Calm, a Heaven,
 A Conscience to forgive, and be forgiven. [*Exe. Amb.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Count Ursino, his Son Vincentio, Ariomana
and Parthenia his twin Daughters, Nurse.

Urf. Come, my *Vincentio*; be not so perverse;
 Calm thy fierce Nature, and uphold my House;
 Marry, my Son; I have enough of Wealth,
 And none but thee, and my two Daughters.
 Seek through the many Towns of *Italy*,
 In them the fairest Bride that thou can'st find,
 To cheer thy Father's Age; if thou deny
 This my Desire, where is our Name become?
 Who shall maintain the Honour of our Family?

Believe me, Son, there are more sweet Contents
In that happy State call'd Marriage, than
In all the wandring Thoughts of straggling Youth.
I have proved them all, that they do perish,
And so do all, that in them spend their Time.

Vinc. Sir, to obey you, I would transform my self,
To any Thing against my Disposition,
But cannot love a Woman; nor grasp Glasse:
They both are brittle, fair, and hurtful;
Then, pardon me; I know not how to wooe.

Urf. I will wooe for thee: Lands and Honours shall
Protest; thou'rt young, adorn'd with many Qualities,
Which, like bright Diamonds, are set in Lead,
In this harsh Humour: Could'st thou vanquish it,
Thou would'st find among that charming Sex,
Some who are worth all Jewels in the World,
Virtuous, constant, such as thy Mother was.

Vinc. I know there may be some such as you say;
But it is hard to choose, among so many.
The wise Man call'd that one so perfect good,
An Eel cast in a Bag of angry Snakes,
And she at best a slippery Fish. I own
Women are fair, but they decay apace:
Constant, when nothing tempts above their Strength;
The Charms of Marriage have too oft been chang'd
To real Mischiefs of Redemption void,
Whilst the poor Man disconsolately droops,
And grows familiar with Captivity.

Urf. I'll hear no more. ———
How hast thou gotten this ill-tuned Tongue?
Thou had'st it not from me: When I was young,
(O! but those Sweets are past) I could have courted
Twenty fair Ladies in the shortest Day,
Tho' I won none: I wou'd ride, sing and dance,
And fight too in their Quarrels. ———

Vinc. ——— So will I, Sir,
Fight for them, if they would desire no more:
My Arms are at their Service, not my Honour.

Urf. Sour young Man; thou art the Staff of my Age,
If not for Love, for Reverence obey thy Father.

But if it be your peremptory Will
Never to marry, I will not inforce thee.

Vinc. Sir, I beseech you hold me in your Favour;
I refuse not out of Disobedience;

But if I must wed, I make this solemn Vow

Never to marry any Maid but she,
That hath forsworn Mankind as well as me:
And in the Heat of this her spiteful Rage,
By Miracle, contracts her Marriage.

Urs. Impossible! and for a Negative,
I take thy Answer. Then, my Girls, on you
I lean my latest Hopes of any Issue:
You will obey, and marry where I like;
And tho' you lose my Name, preserve my Blood.
Say, *Ariomana*, would'st thou have a Man
Old and Rich; or Worthy, Young, but Poor?

Nurse. An old Man and Rich! marry a Night-Gown
for him: No, Sweeting, never tell your own Father
whom you affect; but choose by your own Eye; and
then if you take an old one, may your right Side freeze
in your Wedding Bed.

Urs. Nay, Nurse, they need not your Instruction;
It is your Office to make them Water-gruel.

Nurse. Water-Gruel! indeed you wou'd put too
much Water in their Gruel, if you offer them gray
Heads, and weak Hams.

Ari. Sir, I am no Chooser blind-fold: In Age,
And Youth there may be Qualities,
And Virtues both, worthy my Affection.

Urs. My pretty Daughter what say you, *Parthenia*!

Part. If my elder Sister with Discretion
Hath to your liking spoke; I cannot mend it:
We two have Minds as like as are our Faces;
I shall take whom you offer; or else choose
The Man that loves me best, or old or young:
Youth often strays, Age is not alway cold.

Urs. O! how I am blest in two such Daughters;
Since Freedom then shou'd ever take it's Seat,
With Virtue, which in you is great,

All Vows kept.

9

May you enjoy that Freedom in your Love;
And as you make your Choice, so I'll approve.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Herculeo, his Sister and Maid.

Herc. ———— O! *Lavinia*;

We had a Father that did weigh his Love,
With equal Ballance to us both; whose Spirit
Now rests, I hope, in Peace; and we are left
Alone, to be each others Parent,
Grieve not then, my Sister, above thy Strength,
'Tis the Decree of Nature all must die;
But to be snatch'd, before he could bestow
His latest Blessing; or that we could pay
Our Duty, to close up his fainting Eyes:

Who can endure the Thought of so great Wrong?

But stay *Herculeo*; "Remember me;

"Comfort *Lavinia*: Yes I will obey.

Thou, my dear Sister, art a Vessel made

Unfit for Sorrow:

Then, do not overcharge thy brittle Sex;

I will thy Father be, Brother, and Friend,

Then do not wound me with thy filling Tears;

But think on me; think on *Trivoltio*:

If thou do'st nourish Sadness, thou wilt kill

Thy self and me; but then we should be happy.

Lav. That we wou'd die and follow our dear Father,

Is certain; but it's our greatest Misery,

To be denied that Favour others shun.

Why are we made so tough, and yet are called

By Flatterers, tender? I have Grief enough

To crack an Adamant; yet cannot break,

Because you live: Show me the way to die,

And if I stay one Hour. ————

Herc. Stay my only Comfort; cease to afflict me,

For I have too much Weight to bear already.

'Tis spiritual Treason to repine and grudge

Against

Against the Rules of Nature; but no more;
Here comes *Trivoltio*.

Enter Trivoltio.

Triv. Health and Prosperity to you, my noble Lord;
New Springs of Joy unto the beauteous Nymph:
But prithee why so Sad?

Come thou fairest of thy Sex, let us leave
This dismal Subject for one more pleasing. Love.

Lav. If me you'd please, then rather choose to tell
Some horrid Tale, of Discontent and Woe;
Tell me I only stay to weep a Father lost,
And then to follow him. —

Triv. Do not gentle Maid,
Undo your self; consider you are mine,
And that your honour'd Father, Count *Collenni*
Promis'd in your Behalf; can Grief allay
Those Heats of Fires, that have been thought enough
To burn the Universe?

Lav. I do confess my Father promis'd you,
If he had liv'd wou'd have perform'd it;
And I obey'd. But now, Sir, Things are chang'd,
Wou'd you my Father's Monument should bear
The light Posy of my Wedding Ring? and shew
The frantick Date of my untimely Marriage.

Triv. Is this Disdain, or flat Inconstancy?
I've us'd no Arts, but such as *Adam* knew;
And love was then in all Perfection;
He did not sigh, nor pine, but did enjoy:
Pure as the Times were then, so is my Heart,
And yours should be as true.

Lav. Accuse me not of Falshood, for tho' I dare not
vow against the Laws of Heaven; yet this I swear,

Never to marry Man
But him that hath forsworn me; if he can
Dispense his Oath, take me against his Will,
And my dear Father give me; to fulfil
His Word: Then I will him and Fates obey;
Till then I vow, a Virgin pure to stay.

Triv.

All Vows kept.

II

Triu. Rash Maid, and yet I fear one more happy has supplanted me.

Lav. I do not love another, and still will honour you as my best Friend, my Father's Friend.

Triu. I must rely on Hope, the Root of Love;
That hides in Winter, like a Plant is dead:
But in the Spring shews his reviving Head.
Since you affirm you'll be no other's Bride.
Unhappy, yet I must be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Ariomana, Parthenia, and Nurse.

Ari. Our Suitors, Sister, muster up apace,
How stands your Mind, Parthenia, to a Husband?

Part. As you were born an Hour before me, Sister,
So I am pleas'd you choose as much at least;
I am content you try first and tell me;
If as they say, there be that Bliss in Man?

Nurse. Bliss! Yes, and Paradise too, pretty Pinks; you are too young to conceive those Sweets of Marriage: Did you know what Roses were before you smelt them? And yet now you venture your fine Fingers to gather them, so would you do for a Husband, had you tasted him; I was of your Mind at twelve Years old; or to say Truth, my Mother bad me talk as you do, but at Fifteen; by *St. Paneridge* I felt other Fumes, and so do you too; I was your Nurse, and know you to a Hair, just madelike me.

Ari. But we two are so like, it will beget
Some pretty Errors in our Courtship;
For who can love me, if he love not you?
How can he swear that nothing in the World
Can be compar'd to me, and yet swear true;
When but our Names, he shall no Difference know?

Part. I rather fear it may fall out much worse;
Our Beauties equal, and our Faces like,
None will know which to choose, and we lose all;
Yet Love, I've heard, is so peculiar a Simpathy,
That blind Men know the Objects of their Love,
By certain fervent Beams, that have Effect; Only

Only from those, who are in Heart concentrique,
And do receive their Heat by Influence,
By some Instinct, or by the Air about them;
That Love hath feeling and discerning Eyes;
They say there is a Language of the Soul,
That whispers without the Tongue; but
Of these Things, I yet am ignorant.

Nurse. Whittings, let not that trouble you; if all
Mankind loved you, you would find no Harm in it; if
two or three should mistake you, and you them, were
it not a sweet Error?

Ari. Thou wilt keep Tune; it is as hard to teach
her a new Language, as an Ape to sing: but let us
leave her, Sister, to her Folly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Nurse. What are they gone? Do you think to steal
out of my Company, no, Twigs, I will wait on you;
tho' my Wit be not so quick as yours, my Heels are as
light.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

Enter Lord Trivoltio, and Count Herculeo.

Triv. ——— How now, my Lord?
Still melancholy, still waste your Youth?
And sigh away your Breath, learn like me to tame
And make my Passions serve their Lady, Reason,
Rise, and allay as she hath use of them.
I have lost your Sister: A Loss would raise
In some intemperate Breasts storms of Grief.
But shou'd I therefore lose my manly Wits?
My Self? my Temper? no, my *Herculeo*,
In short, you shall not languish, fret and pine,
And feed the canker Grief that gnaws your Heart.

Her. Cou'd I take any Comfort, noble Friend,
It would be in you; on whom bounteous Nature
Hath bestow'd so just a Temper, in whom

The

The Elements are so equally mixt
That Physick doubts of your Mortality.
I know it is not lightness, makes you merry;
But a quietude of Mind, not o'recharg'd
With guilt of any Ill suffer'd or done :
You have no Enemy, none to forgive,
None, on whom to execute just Revenge :
But I have Conflicts, Contrarieties,
In one torn Heart; Crosses that cross themselves.

Triv. Use them not so, and they become your
Crowns.

Wherein but that, doth Man excel a Beast,
That he can outwards turn the Points of Thorns,
And make them serve as Fences.—
Crosses are like to frontier Garrisons,
They keep us wakeful to live virtuously :
They make us heed our selves more than fear them,
And then they are despis'd as stingless Snakes.
Revenge is not a Word becomes a Man:
Defence of Honour is true valour's Title,
That creeps in Corners, deals with abject Spirits,
Hath better skill in Murder than in Fight.

Herc.——— *O Trivoltio,*

Thou hast touch'd the Quick of my bleeding Soul;
I think thou hast search'd my Heart, or art sent
By that good Ghost : Did it appear to thee ?

Triv. What mean you my Lord? I deal with no Spi-
rits.

Herc. No, *Trivoltio*? but one hath troubled me;
I do belye it; it hath taught me Patience,
If I could learn. Thou art my bosom Friend,
And I dare tell thee all ———

Triv. My Lord, you talk wildly, recover Manhood.

Herc. No, no, I dare; I will tell thee all.

My Father's Spirit hath appear'd to me,
And groan'd out Doctrines, hard for Flesh and Blood
To accept of; it hath commanded me
To forgive his Death; to be reconciled
To these *Ursino's*, that did take his Life;

He

He did conjure me with such earnestness,
Lamenting that his vexed Soul, could not
Descend to rest, 'till I did promise him,
And made me swear to things impossible.

Triv. Strange things, my Lord; but not impossible,
I wonder now you can be sad. Did you then
Promise to save your Soul, and now repent it?
Will you not do it? —

Herc. — Yes, *Trivoltio*;
I would: But there are so many Obstacles,
I know not how to keep my given Word,
Nor sue and fawn upon the Man
That kill'd my Father.

Triv. You shall not need, I will undertake it.
You know I am a Friend to both your Houses,
Not to your Factions; that I have born
My self equally in all your Quarrels,
Adher'd to neither in particular,
And therefore have I credit. —

Herc. You shall not venture it, to be deny'd;
Nor will I hazard thus my Honour.

Triv. You shall hazard nothing but a few Sighs:
There are two bright equal radiant Stars
Will assuage Griet and many other Passions:
By *Cupid* you shall marry one of them,
And seal your Reconcilement in white Wax,
In virgin's Wax; make Love, my Lord, and win her.

Herc. My Father did not promise me so much.

Triv. No: he gave you Counsel for the Spirit;
I, for the Flesh; then trust that part to me,
And mark me well; if I betray my Friend,
Ill and Shame light on me; observe me now,
Give out, you are resolv'd for speedy Travel:
By Absence to ripen your Experience,
And wear out Sorrow; put your House in order,
Disperse your Train, sell off your Equipage,
For that will seal the Credit of the Rumour;
Make your Provision for a three Years stay,
And sadly bid your dearest Friends farewell:
Begin your Journey; but prepare before

A fit Disguise, with which return to me
With the new Name of Count *de Verrua*,
My honour'd Friend of *Savoy*; I will receive
You publickly; let so assured a Face
Upon our Comedy, that none shall dare
Once to mistrust, or call our Deeds in question.
Great Mens Names do cover great Offences.

Herc. But what will this produce?

Triv. You must have Faith in me your Fortune-teller.
I will present you to the good old Count
As noble *Verrua*, and my dearest Friend;
A Name well known to be enrich'd with Honour:
Under that Mask you shall Acquaintance make,
Which Time, like *Alchyme* will turn to Love.
You for your self in earnest shall woo one,
I for your sake will entertain the other,
And play with scorching Fire——
Let every Look be Emblem of your Heart;
And if with Sighs and Love you but engage
A tender Maid, no Word will change Affection.
It is not Names they love, or hate, but Man.

Herc. Many, many perplext Difficulties;
Yet you are my Friend, I must not doubt.
I give my self to your Direction,
I do full well remember what it said;
My Spirit shall assist; *remember me?*
Proof against all, arm'd with my Destiny.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lavinia and her Maid.

Lavinia.

Certain it is our Sexes punishment
 To be forbidden, whatsoe'er we covet.
 I have but one poor Pleasure left, to weep;
 Yet I am chidden and must steal my times,
 My Brother tells me, I shall spoil my Eyes:
 What are they good for, now I cannot see
 My Father; they will become the clearer
 For often washing? O that I could keep in
 My Grief as many do.—
 Methinks it were fine to live without a Body,
 To walk unseen; and to have none to count
 Our weepings, nor to force them to flow inwards.

Maid. Pray, Madam, be comforted, and dry your
 Tears;

The Dead desire not, with your helpless Cry
 To be awaked.

Enter Herculeo.

Herc. How now, my Sister? Never be compos'd?
 Or banish me, or banish Melancholy.

Lav. Sir, I will be merry, I do not grieve.

Herc. Come, I know you will not leave this Humour;
 It must wear out alone: my Presence serves
 Only to nourish sad Remembrance.

I am resolv'd of a Remedy;
 I will go travel, *Lavinia*, and leave thee.

Lav. Have you found that way so soon to kill me?
 Had you no gentler?

Herc.—No; to cure us both.

Yield then thy Passion to our common safety.
 Give ill Men Leisure to repent and mend.
 There is no third way left for me to choose
 But Absence; or to die in loathed Blood.

Lav.

Lav. A bitter Choice to me ; and tho' I could
Better spare Life than you, yet to spare yours,
I could live happy in a Hermitage.
I cannot say, I am content you go,
Yet wish you gone : Some untimely Griefs
I have antedated for fear of you,
Those you will prevent. And tho' I shall still
Fear you every where, yet there is no Air
So pernicious for you as this *Verona*.

Herc. My good Angel, I will return new made ;
Heavens are propitious to my fair Intents :
My House and Lands, I leave with thee, my Sister,
My Heir, my only one ; be constant then,
Fetch me not back, with a Soul-wing'd Sigh.
Go in *Lavinia*, and accept the Keys
Of all that I possess : farewell,
Be happy, merry, spend thy lonesome Time
In hopes of Joy. Thy Sorrows go with me,
We do but nourish Passions to our Distemper.
Again, farewell.—

Lav.—May new Springs of Joy
Still attend you ; for with you doth go
My better Part, my Soul—
The choicest Blessings of all Mothers,
Wishes of all good Sisters wait upon you.

[*Exit Lavinia and Maid.*]

Enter Bumbardo.

Herc. How now, *Bumbardo* ?

Bumb. I wait your Lordship's Orders,
Have you any fell Enemies my Lord
In foreign Lands, I may dispeople them.

Herc. No, *Bumbardo*, no ; nor no more use of thee :
I have deposed all Quarrels, and am grown
A harmless Dove ; resolv'd to become thrifty,
And save the Charge of feeding fighting Men.

Bumb. What ! cast me off without a Quarter's Warn-
ing ?

Expose me to the Vengeance of the Foes
I have enrag'd for your most honour'd sake ?

C

Herc.

Herc. There is no Remedy: Cool thy Spirit.

Bumb. What shall I do? And whither shall I go?

Herc. Serve the *Spaniard*: if there thou canst not find
Fewel for thy Blade; bind thy self 'Prentice
To a stern Butcher and kill saucy Flies.

[Exit.

Bumb.—— I go,
Swoln with Revenge, and Spleen, and Wrath, and
Rage;

If I want Meat, I will rob Store-houses
Of Princes, spight of all their Guards;
If Cloaths, the Lion shall not wear his Skin.
I march like Famine, to destroy whole Countries,
Casheer'd and flouted at.

Herc. Beware I meet thee not.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Trivoltio.

Triv. I wonder at these Men, who cannot rule
Their Passions, which have no self Existence.
I could love as fervently as any,
And hate as nobly; but to be transported
With either extream, to a hot, or cold fit,
Is to submit the Master to the Slave.
Men that are violent in any change,
Are as intemperate in the contrary.

Enter Herculeo in his new Disguise.

Herc. Sir, I ask pardon for interrupting you;
Know you the House of the Lord *Trivoltio*?

Triv. Yes, would you speak with him?
I am his Porter and can do you that Service.

(*Herculeo laughs and discovers himself.*)

How now, my Lord *Herculeo*, so well taught
Already to beguile your nearest Friends?

Herc. You see how you have metamorphos'd me,
In Shape, in Beard, in Manners, and in Heart;
Well, have I obey'd you punctually.

Triv. Fit to deceive thy Father, or thy Nurse;
Sure thou hast consulted with some Player,

Or been instructed by a Jesuit.
But how did you counterfeit
With fair *Lavinia*?

Herc. I told her I must travel, or pursue
Our deadly Feuds; she chose the easier Way,
And sacrific'd her Fondness to my Safety.

Triv. All things concur above our Expectation,
To-morrow we will visit old *Ursino*,
Then *Venus*, *Cupid*, *Hymen*, be our Guide,
Make thee a happy Lover; her thy Bride.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bumbardo with a Paper in his Hand.

Bumb. What? Am I cast, cashier'd, exauctorated?
Turn'd out to graze, and feed on Acorn Husks?
Must unmatch'd Valour beg, or rob, or starve?
No; I will seek where honour'd Danger dwells,
And tread the bloody Steps of grisly War;
But pause, *Bumbardo*: Danger's double Hunger:
'Tis better Sauce to fight for ev'ry Scrap;
Go, trust to thy old Trade of fawning Service,
Seek out a Master, that kills peace-fed Beef,
And save thy Skin for Actions of Renown,
Till some occasion broach an holy War
Against the Turk, or head bound *Saracen*.
There will I hew my Way to some high Honour,
In the mean time, good Paper speak for me:

(*He pins the Bill up.*)

Blaze out my Parts: denounce my Lodging's Sign,
Accept of any Cell to give me Meat:
Or Lord, Knight, Baronet, or Courtezan.
Now be propitious *Bacchus*, plump and fat,
To guide me to some House of sumptuous Feasts,
Men live on Pheasants; Sallads are for Beasts.

(*Exit Bumbardo.*)

SCENE III.

*Enter Count Ursino, Vincentio, Ariomana, Parthenia,
and Nurse.*

Urf. Be merry Girls; put your best Faces on:
Smooth up, smooth up; I have received News

Of Suitors to you; young *Venetian* Lords,
Who will make you ask Counsel of your Glasses.

Nurse. How, my Lord? Put on their best Faces? by
St. *Ursula* you wrong my true Loves. Do they paint?
or set in a Tooth? I see you were a Wanton in your
Youth; and traded with counterfeit Ware. Smooth
up, What should they smooth? Now I swear, there is
nothing rough about them; all as smooth as my Chin.

Urf. Good *Alice*; thou takest my meaning at the
Worst.

But who is this? My Lord *Trivoltio*. (*Exit Nurse.*)

Enter Trivoltio with Herculeo, now Count de Verrua.

Triv. My noble Lord *Ursino*, your Servant
Presuming on your Love, I'm bold to bring
The honour'd *Savoy's* Count de *Verrua*
To the Acquaintance of your House,
Open to all, but ever free to the Virtuous.

Urf. You have said enough: And my Friend hath said
it;

Most welcome, hearty welcome to your Lordships.
You have honour'd me in this your Visit;
And, you, Sir, always like your self oblig'd me.

Herc. I have arriv'd at one Ambition
To be admitted to your Lordship's Presence.

Urf. My Lord, I am an old Man,
No good Courtier; but right and cordial.
By *Saturn* you are very, very welcome,
And in assurance of Reality,
I will present you with my Son and Daughters;
Vincenzio embrace this noble Count,
Receive him as you respect your Father's Honour:
And you, my Girls, convince him by your Looks;
For in that Glass, I know he will discern
That he is welcome. —————

(*They embrace.*)

Vinc. To so much Worth, and to such Command,
Thus low I bend,
And offer up my self unto your Service.

(*Verrua Salutes the Daughters, but Parthenia first;
Ursino sits down in a Chair, and calling Vincen-
tio, whispers with him.*)

Herc.

Herc. I am unworthy of the least of these Effects,
Of this high Honour to one provided
With no Condition, but a Stranger's Privilege;
Hither I came, with Envy of your Fame,
Not wishing so much Truth as now I find,

Ari. Sir, we are content you flatter us,
By Duty to our Father's free Command,
Therefore, for both of us I will presume,
To bid you welcome to Verona.

Urf. ——— Come hither *Ariomana*,
[*She goes to her Father, and he whispers her. [Ariomana returns, but changes Places with her Sister, standing now at the left Hand: Verrua goes directly to Parthenia, mistakes her by that Error; Trivoltio takes Ariomana by the Hand, as left to him, and leads her aside.*

Herc. Have you conceived a milder Thought of me,
That I durst flatter the Goddesses I adore?
O let me perish if I strain my Tongue,
To any Accent comes not from my Heart;
I love beyond the Power of flattering Words.

Part. So soon, Sir, you are very apt: I fear
You may take some Surfeit in this Country,
And suck Infection in from every Window.
You may be thus in love a Hundred Times
Between this and your Lodging: I pray, Sir,
Take some Antidote to preserve your Health.

Herc. Madam, you know not your own Beauty,
You never saw your self, and which is worse,
You cannot see my Heart, until you look
With Eyes like mine, inflam'd with Beams of Love.
Is it because I lov'd you at first sight,
That you mistrust my Faith and Loyalty?
He that doth not so, is not a true Lover:
By Heaven you are not more Fair than I am True.

Part. Good Sir, forbear, it is enough, you have
made me blush.

Triv. That Pair are match'd, and shall we idly talk?
I swear by him, whom now I think is Love,
I shall be taken with your Charms,

Were you but free, and would correspond.

Ari. Do you then want a Helper? must your Fire
Be blown before it kindles? or would you
That I should wooe, or sigh, or first protest?

Triv. Neither; but meet me in an equal Line,
Shew we were fitly made for one another,
And leap like Iron to the Loadstone.

Ari. I am not made of so loving Mettle:
Hard Things may joyn, but never will embrace:
Your Heart's not so attractive as you think,
It must bleed, melt, and swell, dissolve, despair,
To conquer Love; which Truth hath no Disguise.

Triv. Then such is mine, and now I do protest,
I do begin to love you.——

Ari. Yes in Jest.——

Triv. So have I known some Wanton play with Fire,
'Till he was burnt in earnest.——

Urf. Come Daughters let us frankly entertain
These noble Lords, within, I have a Banquet,
Their Fare they will accept in honest Part;
He feasts his Friends that gives them his own Heart.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pedro, and Lopez.

Ped. Sirrah, what Princcock is that, thy Master hath
brought to our House?

Lop. It's a Lord I am sure by his Boldness: I think
his Business is wenching, or else he had never taken
our House for his Inn.

Ped. Is he Liberal? will he come off?

Lop. It seems so, for he gave me his Boots as soon
as they were off: He is just like other Lords; gives
away that they can use no longer.

Ped. Then my Mistress shall none of him, lest in a
Fortnight he give her away, for Shame that he can use
her no longer. But dost think he comes a Wooing?

Lop. O yes, by his melancholy walking, my Master
can scarce make him smile or speak; and yet he
thought the best Fool in *Verona*, of a Lord.

Ped.

Ped. Ay, but not the veriest Fool: There is as much Difference between a merry Fool, and a very Fool, as between their younger Brothers and them; or between thee and me.

Lop. Indeed, *Pedro*, the Fool is the Difference between us, and the Odds lies on thy Side.

Ped. But what other Qualities hath this Lord?

Lop. He is a good Poet; for tho' I never heard any of his Verses, yet I have seen him walk chewing the Cudd; looking all about the Garden for a Simile; and straining for Rhyme, as if he would make a new Vowel.

Ped. Nay then I love him, he is no Fool if he be a Poet, and he is as liberal as the Sea.

Lop. Why *Pedro*?

Ped. Why! Fortune favours all Fools; but she never favour'd any Poets; for they are all Beggars, and is not he liberal, that if he gives Six-pence, gives his whole Estate?

Lop. O! they are ingenious Men, and the Delight of the Times.

Ped. That's true, because they live by their Engine, and are laugh'd at: But what's the Name of this Lord?

Lop. My Lord of *Verrua*.

Ped. A very pretty Name verily.

Enter Nurse at the Door.

Nurse. Come away you Potcrackers; my Lords are rising.

Ped. Come, *Lopez*, we will rise with them, and it is no Sauciness to say so; when so many Fools rise to be Lords: But stay, what Paper is this pasted upon our Wall? can'st thou read?

Lop. Yes, enough to save me from hanging.

Ped. Then read thy Neck-Verse. [*Pedro reads.*]

*If Sultan, Monarch, King, or Emperor,
Duke, Lord, Knight, Captain, Squire or Franklin,
Lady Donzella, or the priviledged Keeper
Of Houses of Pleasure, want a good Servant;
Know, that there is by Nature's Creation,
A Man, most valiant, and mighty by Nation;*

Bumbardo eclip'd, that Service doth seek,
 Whose Lodging is now at the Sign of the Leek.
 Reader, let stand this Schedule, I conjure you;
 Lest on thy Pate thou pluck my lethal Fury.

Ped. I know the Termagant Tatterdemalion:

Ah, ah, ah; a meer Voice; I know the Rogue:
 The Lord *Herculeo's* Bravo, I will bet whole Dozens
 of Ale the Giant is turn'd out of Service, and knows
 not where to provide an Herring to appease his Guts;
 His Master's gone to travel; hark you, *Lopez*, shall I
 prefer him to a Master?

Lop. Yes; if thou knowest any Man, wants a Scar-
 crow to keep his Hemp from Birds.

Ped. Let me alone, I'll fit him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ariomana, and Parthenia.

Ari. Sister, what said my Lord *Trivoltio* to you?
 I can keep Counsel.

Part. You shall not need, it was no great Secret:
 He talk'd of contracting, as if he had lov'd,
 And finish'd a Seven Years Service for me.
 As confident as if the Banns were ask'd,
 And that so seriously, that all my Laughter
 Cou'd scarce divert him from his fond Conceit
 To requite me, what said the *Savoy* Lord?

Ari. He said but little, but sigh'd much:
 It is a strange melancholy stork, I am afraid his Brains
 are a little broken; but let him seek a Surgeon in his
 own Air; we must cure our selves, Sister, we shall
 undo one another, perjure all Mankind that come near
 us, and never fix, because none can fix upon us; we
 must both take pity on our selves and them. Now I have
 been thinking of a Project, by which we may avoid
 these Mistakes, which is this, that we may cast Lots,
 which of us two may hide away, and give Opportu-
 nity to the other, to choose, and to be chosen; the Time
 cannot be long, and may be better spent in a Nunne-
 ry, than in Confusion.

Part. How can this be? and whither should we go?

Ari.

Ari. Retire to *St. Clara's Nunnery*, for one Year's Probation.

Part. But we shall stain our Honour and our Name.

Ario. No ; it is no Loss to choose Religion ;
And to vow rashly, worse Presumption :
A Year of Tryal is a sweet Variety.

Part. Well, Sister, I am content to try a blindfold Fortune.

Ari. This then be our Agreement and our Vow ;
On whom the shortest Lot shall fall, to steal unto the Cloyster, until the other see a Nuptial Day. Swear, as I do, by the most chaste *Diana*, neither to break nor to reveal.

Part. ——— I swear.

[*They draw, and the shortest Lot falls to Parthenia.*
My Heart misgave me ! I must hide me then ;
My Oath is past,
But how to keep it is most difficult.
Phabe, take Charge of me thy desperate Maid ;
To Folly, or to Perjury betray'd.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Pedro in one of his Lords Gowns, and a Velvet Cap on his Head, with a Walking-Staff in his Hand, wherein there is a Rapier, and knocks at the Sign of the Leek.

Ped. Now to my thinking. I look as wise as my Master, I am sure wise enough to gull a *Spanish Don*. Holla, who dwells here ?

[*Enter Bumbardo, and makes a low Reverence.*

Honest Fellow, doth there not here lye a valiant Stranger, that wants Employment ?

Bumb. Valour never lies ; he is the Protector of Truth : But the Man describ'd, lodgeth in this Mansion.

Ped. Mansion ! good ; *Famine's* own Palace ; and this Knave is one of the Grooms of her hungry Chamber. O ! Sir, you are very exceptionous ; if you be so cholerique ? I will not offend you.

[*He offers to be gone.*

Bumb.

Bumb. Nay, Sir, snuff not up Disgust: I am your indigent Warrior. Your Lordship vouchsafeth to chastise.

Ped. O! Pride itself will stoop to a Shoulder of Mutton. Are you *Drolo*, the Don, who sets up the Bills of Defiance?

Bumb. Him that seeks your honour'd Shelter.

Ped. Will you serve a Lord?

Bumb. A Lord to choose; I would observe great Titles.

Ped. What Qualities hast thou, besides those romanced on every Wall?

Bumb. Most redoubted; I can teach the noble Science of Defence.

Ped. Nay, thou wilt fright me; I am no Man of the Sword, Longue Robe, as thou seest; canst thou cut a Purse?

Bumb. Base be the Man, whose Thoughts descend so low; or would cut any Thing but a Throat.

Ped. Peace, Pendragon; did I not tell thee thou wouldst scare me? [He offers to be gone.]

Bumb. Stay, venerable Honour; I will cut whatsoever you command.

Ped. Ay, a tractable Saracen: Canst thou scrape Trenchers?

Bumb. Enforc'd I can, by Hunger eat the Scrapings.

Ped. Thou seem'st an honest Canter: But I see thou art so apt to break out in big Words, that thou must promise me not to frighten my Children, by crying Boh! [Bumbardo starts.]

Ped. Ha, ha, ha! I see thou art Flesh and Blood, and can'st fear.

Bumb. Yes, the Voice of my Lord, as of the Cannon.

Ped. In brief, what Wages dost thou ask?

Bumb. Eight Crowns a Month, my Parts may merit well.

Ped. How, presumptuous *Alfezes*! darest thou talk of Crowns, when the whole Revenue of *Castile* is summ'd in *Marvedies*? I take my leave.

Bumb.

Bumb. I say my Parts deserve, but am content to
Terve in *Esperanza*.

Ped. Approach, approach, my Cat of Mountain.
[*He stroaks him.*

I am not rich, but very honourable; and can prefer
thee: In the mean time, will the Fury of thy Stomach
be at Peace with three *Sardinias* a Day, if you want
Sauce, go eat your Sign.

Bumb. A very gentle Offer; but no shining Coin?

Ped. Out upon that Word, I am no Coiner, let
Boors of *Holland* coin. What is thy Name?

Bumb. *Bumbardo*.

Ped. Defend me, *Hercules*! Out upon thee, change
thy Name, or cut it in two Parts: Thou said'st thou
would cut any thing at my Request, cut off *Bardo*, and
remain, plain *Bum*. [Bum. walks.

————— Come, odoriferous *Bum*,
Let me see thy Grace in Attendance.

[*Bum. follows, and Pedro looking over his Shoulder,*
Bum makes a low reverence.

Ped. My well-instructed *Bum*.

[*Bumbardo makes a low Obeisance.*

Approach, my *Bum*, methinks 'tis hot, here take my
Gown. [He pulls off his Gown.

Bumb. Scoff'd, scorn'd, flouted, bor'd, affronted,
gull'd,

By a Buffoon, and my Antagonist:

Now rouse up Vengeance from thy peaceful Heart;

Peasant, thou diest; I will not give thee leave

[He draws his Sword.

To make thy Will, to pray, nor to be sav'd;

Ped. Nay, heark you, good Mr. *Bumbard*, be not
in fury, I did not this to baffle your Honour, but to
awake your Valour from the Alms-basket, and to let
you see your Error, to take up your Lodging in a Man-
sion of so hungry a Sign as the Leek.

Bumb. Base trembling *Asp*; defend, or thou art
dead!

Ped. Hold your Hands: Know, *Mandrake*, I am
valiant by Descent, a Bastard of a Ragamuffin of Eng-
land:

land : If I be moved, I shall beat thee with my *Genius*.

Bumb. Dead as a Dog; if *Hector* should protect thee.
[*He offers to strike, and Pedro pulls out his concealed Rapier.*]

Ped. Nay, come, you *Boreas*, Bravo, *Bum*; stand to your Guard. [Bumbardo smiles.]

Bumb. What, art thou armed? and carriest martial Steel

In secret Wood? and lovest Deeds of Danger?
Then I forgive thee, and embrace thy Loins.

Ped. No, Nut-cracker, it is too late to come to parley, I will teach thee to compel sleeping Valour, from his quiet Couch.

Bumb. I will not fight with him that was my Master, Fates made thee so, and I am thy Servant.

Ped. Obey then, lay down thy Bird-spit, or thou art dead: Lay thy self by it.

[*He offers to strike, and Bumbardo lays himself down, Pedro sets his Foot on his Neck.*]

Henceforth, O, Mouth! brag with thy Equals, threaten naked *Mexicans*:

I scorn to beat thee, for fear thou shouldest die.

[*He kicks him, and takes up his Gown,*
Valeto, most mortified Don Lazarillo Bum.

[*Exit,*

Bumbardo riseth.

Bumb. How did I lose my Courage natural?
Was I Mare-rid by some infernal Hag?

Well, *Patientia*; no Man saw my Fall:

I must go seek some other harmless Trade,
And never more will trust in brittle Blade.

[*Exit.*

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Parthenia, disguis'd in Pages Cloaths.

P A R T H E N I A.

WHAT have I done? or what attempt to do?
To stain my Honour, and to shame my Name?
If I should return, and break my Oath,
Who would believe, but for some base End
Of Lust, that I had taken this Disguise?
I chose this Habit to avoid Temptation.
But who will trust my Word, that have forsaken
My Father's House, and wander'd in the Streets?
O! that my Story might be known at last,
To clear my Credit from Unchastity;
That yet I might be pitied in my Grave,
That an Example I might be to Maids,
To keep themselves from rash and giddy Vows,
Which with good Purpose, not being yet directed
By fit Discretion, become worse than evil.
Repent I may, but of amends despair.

Enter Herculeo, muffled in his Cloak.

Part. Retire, Romeo, here comes my Sister's Servant,

That might have been mine, had I been my self:
It may be yet, by Fortune he is sent
To be my Master, and to give me Food:
He is a Stranger, and will least suspect,
Or be suspected, to have entertain'd me.

[She stands up in a Corner.]

Herc. O, Love! I do recant all my Blasphemies,
I am thy Vassal, and do sacrifice
All other Passions on thy sacred Altar:
I am more in love than Poets Fictions.
O, Parthenia! if yet thou wer't a Woman,
And not an Angel, I might hope of thee:

All

All the World is nothing but *Parthenia*;
As if she were the universal Spirit, *Parthenia*.

Part. Is it my Name he loves? Will he not change;
And love my Sister, now that I am gone?

[*She comes out, Herculeo stands amaz'd.*]

Herc. Seek'st thou to speak with me, pretty Youth?

Part. Yes, Sir, I came to ask your Pity; to implore
Your Favour, that if you want a Servant,
(That cannot do much, but will be diligent)
You would accept of me for my Poverty.

Herc. Thou seemest sad and heavy, but not poor;
Thy Cloaths and Words speak better Education.
Speak, gentle Boy, what wer't thou? Tell me? How
Camest thou into Want? Speak? Thou hast a Look,
Too good to be abus'd by purblind Fortune.
I would not vex thee, by recalling thy sad Story;
Yet, tell me, how can'st thou want a Service in thy
Youth?

Part. I am a Stranger in this City, Sir;
Know nobody, and seek to be unknown:
My Father was a *Roman* Gentleman,
Murther'd by Faction, and by bloody Hands,
My Brother and my Sister died with him,
I only 'scap'd,
Am left, to try a thousand Deaths
Of Want, of Grief, and other Miferies,
Unfit to tell you of at present:
In the mean time, take me into your Protection,
And promise to conceal me from the World;
I will deserve my Cloaths, and Meat, and Drink;
More I seek not, nor more I do not need.

Herc. More than most wondrous strange! I fear thou
art
Some Fancy sent to vex my quiet Soul.
Thou dost deserve a better Means of Life,
And I do pity thee more than thou knowest;
Our Cases are so like, that I do love thee;
Had I no Charity yet I could keep thee
To be my emblem of Affliction.

Part.

Part. Sir, you make me dumb with your Compassion;

But will you keep me secret, till I send
To *Rome*, to give Advice unto my Friends?

Herc. By Love, I will, which now is far above
All other Oaths or Powers that I can swear by;
Thou shalt not go abroad; and in the House
I will acknowledge thee a Page of mine,
Sent after me from *Savoy* with some Letters.
What is thy Name?

Part. Romeo.

Herc. Come, follow me, and keep thine own sad
Counsel,

Let not thy Face more of thy Story shew:
Poor modest Child; pray, be no longer troubled,
I will thy Father be since thou hast none;
Their Grievs are greatest that are most unknown.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lavinia and her Maid.

Lav. When my Father was kill'd, I had but one
Just Cause of Grief; and that was then enough;
But now I want my Brother, and do fear
Murther may have a House out of *Verona*:
Yet I did promise him not to presage,
And tempt, by Faithfulness, that Providence,
Which keeps them safest, that do trust in it.
It is a kind of Witchcraft to forethink
Evil to any; like the Basilisk's Eye,
It kills by Beams of envy meditated.

Fenny. how long is since my Brother went?

Fenny. Ten Days, Madam.

Lav. Alas! when will he return?

Fenny. Perhaps in a Year, or less.

Lav. An Age to me ———

O! be propitious Winds and Seasons to him,
Fair Days, and quiet Rest in Nights attend him,
Let every House be blessed, that lodgeth him,
And Heaven grant me Patience till we meet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Ursino, Vincentio, Ariomana, Nurse, and Pedro.

Urf. What Man will trust in false Felicity?
Where is there any Constancy in Joy?
Give me my Daughter; fetch *Parthenia*;
I will not live thus robbed of my Child.
How, when, whither, which Way is she gone?
Blessed are the Barren; blessed are the soonest dead,
That feel no Sorrow on their aged Brows:
Tell me who saw her last? I will not eat,
Nor drink, nor sleep, nor will I rise again,
'Till some bring News that my sweet Girl is found.
Go, Varlets, seek, search, inquire, and find her,
Cast Figures; run, and look your Boxes,
Closets, leave no Place unransack'd;
Bring her, or perish both by Thirst and Famine.

[Exeunt Nurse and Pedro.]

I'll have her cry'd by one that has a Voice
Louder than Thunder: O! who saw *Parthenia*?

Vinc. Sir, this Impatience becomes you worse,
Than me, that am your Son, to tell you of it.

Urf. Fool, thou art happy, thou hast no Children;
Go; get one; lose it first; then counsel me.

Vinc. I know I am unworthy; yet a Clock
Hath leave to put wise Men in mind of Time.
You are as well a Man, Sir, as a Father,
And have more Children.

Urf. ——— Peace: No more.
And one the less for you, dry barren Stock:
Thou hast denied to Recompense my Loss:
Speak to me no more. ———

Enter Nurse, with a Paper in her Hand.

What, hast thou found her?

Nurse. No, Sir, but I have found her Will and Testament under her Bed's Head: Indeed I never consented to have my Ladies learn to write; if she had never known the Cross-Row, she had not had the Wit to make

make such a Deed of Gift of her self, and we had not now been to seek her among Ape-leaders.

Urs. Give me the Paper, Hag, what, is it hers?

(*He reads.*)

Most dear Father,

I HAVE not the Face to ask Forgiveness for the Trouble I have brought upon you: I knew your Love, let me now know your Temperance, I am not stolen, nor fled to dishonour you; no light thought hath carried me away, no Man consented with me; blame none but me, nor me so much as to think I have committed any other Fault, but only concealing my Departure. I have taken leave of the World, and am dedicated to a better Life: Despair of your Consent forc'd me into Error; I am retir'd into a House of Religion; not vowed, but for Probation; if you seek me, you will discredit me, and you cannot force me: All you do more than suffer me, is vain, I will not be found: If you be content, I am happy; if not, think I am dead Pardon me, my most dear Father, and give way to th new Birth of your

Most Obedient,

Parthenia.

Become a Nun? A cloyster'd Votary?

It is some ease of Grief to know she lives:

Sweet modest Girl; I cannot grudge thee Heaven:

But I would have the Thanks for such a Jewel;

Come, *Vincentio*: Come now my only Daughter,

(*To Arioman a*

Will you, yet Sir, restore me such a Child

And marry timely? ———

Vinc. You know, I cannot.

Nurse. Out on him (*sweet Priam*) do you spend your Breath in vain upon a *Jack of Lent*? Are you too old? Take me a young Turtle of fifteen, and get Children your self.

D

Urs

Off. In you my Daughter I must be content,
And wish an Heir from thee, Heavens are provident.
(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E III.

Enter Herculeo and Parthenia.

Herc. Come my sad Boy; thou canst bear up a Part,
In this wind Musick of despairful Sighs;
I must keep thy Counsel; canst thou keep mine,
Which I my self cannot conceal from any?
I am in Love, Child; knows thou what it means?

Part. Yes Sir, I have heard, 'tis like an Ague,
Soon hot and cold; and takes a Man by Fits.

Herc. Innocently answer'd: 'tis a Quotidian;
An Hectique, that consumes the Flesh and Marrow;
I never felt the cold Fit, but all Fire.

Part. It will burn out the sooner; there is less
Danger, where the Excess is known and sharp;
Ling'ring and secret Grievs are far more hurtful.

Herc. How dost thou know? what is a Father lost?
A Sister and a Brother? these are common:
I have lost my self; my Wits, my Reason,
And all Remembrance of my own dear Blood;
All for a Woman, one I do not know.

Part. You may the better forget her; if not,
And she a Woman, will your Love requite.

Herc. Ah *Romeo*; but her Heart is Adamant,
Attractive, but as hard as Avarice.

Part. The hardest will dissolve and melt they say.

Herc. Sweet modest Boy; O might'st thou speak for
me?

Part. I should soon teach her to be overkind.

Enter Trivoltio.

Triv. How now, my Lord, whence is this Boy?

Herc. It is a Child sent from a Friend at *Rome*,
With secret Letters; one that hath Discretion
Far above his Years. ———

Triv. A well-fac'd Mushroom; Sirrah,
You are by far too handsome for a Man.

Herc. Now you are jesting, the poor Boy is Fatherless, and only fit for me, who am fit for nothing.

Triv. Leave off your whining; I could tell you News now, would try your Manhood; you, Sir, are in Love, you would kill all the Family of the *Ursino's*.

Herc. Do not jest with me: I am all fresh Wound: The Name of Love, makes Nerves and Sinews crack: I confess I was a Fool, a furious Fool; But am now mended, being grown stark mad, Distracted so, that I love all the House, Ev'ry thing seems either *Parthenia*, Or an *Ariomana*, or else both.

Triv. A very moderate Gentleman: You have already blown one of them into a Nunnery; now I suppose you will love her only which cannot be had.

Herc. How? Do not afflict me:

Triv. Not I, by *Cupid's* Quiver; but I must tell you Truth, there is but one left to shoot at; *Parthenia* was afraid you would have melted her with your Passion, and she hath chosen a colder Zone to freeze in: She is gone, Sir.—But there's enough left behind to keep you a Fire like *Ætna*.

Herc. Gone! Whither? Why? O how I fear my Fates. I did love them both, both alike, both so well, I fear, I shall enjoy neither.

Triv. Do not despair, it is the greatest Blessing could befall you, that you shall fail only by one Star; let the vestal Puppet repent in Sack-cloth and Ashes: Take what *Venus* hath left you: Her Father was mad three Hours; but now the House is at Peace, until you come with your Storm: *Phabus* grant you may govern your Chariot better than *Phaeton*; and not set on Fire the Heavens, for I know you will allow her no sublunary Station; courage, young *Icarus*; come, let us go; and make your second Approach, and take no Notice of what cannot be recover'd.

(Exeunt all but Parthenia.)

Herc. Now I have spun my self a handsome Thread, And you, my crafty Sister, will be happy.

He hath forgot *Parthenia*, as if dead;
 And yet 'tis certain, he first lov'd me,
 And at my Altar, kindled sacred Fire;
 I will prevent her: No, it cannot be:
 O how I loath this treacherous Disguise,
 That hides me from the only one I love.
 Then, since I cannot hope to be his Wife,
 Yet in his Presence I will end my Life:
 So like a Taper, by his Fire he waste;
 Extremely gone in Love, extremely chaste.

(Exit.

Enter Bumbardo eating a mouldy Crust.

Bumb. Beasts of *Verrona*, that afford no Food,
 I am resolv'd to kill you all; to sack
 Your Houses, and to fill my vacant Belly:
 I will begin with Butchers, and with Bakers,
 And end my Rage, with Pleasure on their Wives:
 But stay; what Ghost is this, that haunts me thus?
 I never can advance my Courage, but
 This Lump of Flesh doth overcharge my Stomach.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Dios os Guarda, my doughty Don: Nay, farewell, I have no Money to lend; nor suffer no Man to go on trust with me for a Commons.

Bumb. Honest Mr. *Pedro*, do but hear me speak; Towers must fall, and I know your Compassion since our last Encounter, share me some small matter, for I am almost starv'd.

Ped. I; now *Bum*, tho' thy Words be great, thy Matter is humble. I will become indulgent to thy Famine; ready Coin I never impart; marry, counsel of more value to my Friends. Hark you empty Barrel, I will teach thee a Trade that thou shalt never want Meat; turn Rat-catcher, for so thou may'st always eat the Fruit of thy own Labour.

Bumb. Do not scorn Adversity: I am not a Man easily moved by my Friends.

Ped. True; but thine Enemies can make thee skip like a Goat; I will help thee to a Pension in *Naples*; the ordinary Retreat of Men of Action.

Bumb.

Bumb. Honourable *Pedro*, I do renounce all *Adelantado's*, and had rather arrive at the breaking up of a Cook's Shop, than to rob the Exchequer of *Peru*.

Pedro. Nay, then, I will be kind; wilt thou live peaceably in our House if I help thee in? Wilt thou be observant and assistant to me in my lower Offices?

Bumb. By Pies and Pasties I will be most obsequious.

Pedro. O Rogue, thou wilt eat thy Oath.

Bumb. No, by the Fire that bakes them, I will eat nothing.

Ped. Nay then, as good starve in the Sheets, as shame our Hospitality.

Bumb. I ever saw in that good Face of thine, something auspicious to my great Advancement.

Ped. Well; you Bladder, before I take you into my Fellowship, I have certain Articles to draw between us; *Imprimis*, You must eat all that I leave; and nothing but by my Leave: *Secondly*, When you are full, you must not grow wanton, like a pamper'd Chaplain, I tell thee *Bum*, I have a Lady in the House, I love, and she loves me, as brown as any Berry; I am naturally jealous; and then a Fury; take heed thou lookest not, no not a Squint upon her; and on these Conditions I take Compassion and entertain thee for my Second.

Bumb. Agreed.

Ped. Come, let us go in then, and take possession of thy Post.

(Exeunt.)

S C E N E IV.

Ursino, *Vincentio*, *Ariomana*, Nurse: *Ursino sitting in a Chair, his Son and Daughter on each Side.*

Enter Trivoltio, and Herculeo.

Urf. By my best Hopes, welcome, my honour'd Lords;

My kindest Friends, how came it in your Thoughts To visit an old Man?

Herc. We could not without loss of Memory, And Manners both, so soon forget your goodness.

Triv. It is our Love, our Obligation;
Every thing here invites, and calls for Guests.

Urf. Your Acceptance was the only Grace of all;
But much I fear you will miss one pleasure,
My Daughter *Parthenia*: She is gone,
Cold Baggage! gone away without my Leave;
Stroll'n to a Nunnery to count holy Beads.
Foolish Child; I dare not blame Devotion:
My Lords, she is gone, and Sorrow stays with me.

Triv. We did not come thus to renew your Grief,
But rather to divert you.——

Herc. Here are some know and feel what you have
lost;

Yet she is safe: You may be comforted;
To Heav'n you could not make a richer Present.

Urf. Well, I must bear it, as I may, and ought:
Vincentio, Daughter; divert my Friends.
Dance, Cards, Discourse; do somewhat to spend
Time:

I will leave you, and go play the Steward's Part.

(*E. ex.*)

Vinc. My Lord *Trivoltio*, you and I must make
Our own Device, for Sister, there is one,
Will please you best.

Ari. Nay, Brother,
I will not leave to honest Testimony.

Herc. If all the World were Witnesses, I would speak;
And tho' Truth needs none, yet it is an honour
To be attended on with Suffrages:
Your sincere Brother cannot take offence,
To hear me swear the Truth, that I do love.

Ari. Sir, I hop'd I had cur'd you of your Error.
It was my Sister that you wish'd for.

Triv. You cannot 'scape him so: Your equal Beauty
Draws all Affections.

Vinc. I wou'd I had the Grace to bear a Share,
And try the Plays of Love without the Smart.

Herc. He were unworthy so much happiness,
That would not bear the Crosses for the Hopes.

It were too great a Paradise to enjoy
So much Delight, without some hard Encounter.
I am glad, I love ; glad of all my Pain ;
And shall be glad of Death, if she be still
So faithless and incredulous of Truth.

[Herculeo walks aside in a melancholy Posture.]

Ari. Speak for your self *Trivoltio*.

Triv. Madam, you do not feel the Wounds you give ;
Thus to be used may drive him to Despair.

Ari. I would you were as near it then as he,
That I might save us both by curing you.

Triv. How ! could you love me ? I deceive my
Friend !

Ari. If you do feel the Powers you so advance ?
Use them.

Triv. By Virtue, I love you ; but will not betray
Mine Honesty ; nor do so false a Thing.

Ari. Despis'd ! refus'd ! *Trivoltio* fare you well ;
You had me at advantage ; used it not :
I hope I shall no more so grossly err.

[She flings away.]

Herc. What, is she gone ? fled to a Nunnery !
Why look you pale ? speak Lord *Trivoltio*.

Triv. It is no Time. ———

Do not importune me, till we are alone :
You must pass more Thorns, before you get this
Rose.

O ! I would fly upon these empty Clouds,
Dig through the Center, dive the deepest Sea.

Vinc. Come, shall we seek my Father ? take the Air,
There will be Time enough for all to wooe.

Triv. We will obey and follow you.

Vinc. You know the Way.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Nurse..

Nurse. Hey ho : I can do nothing but Dream ; I
have no Stomach, A Spaniard, that is surely a Gen-
tleman.

tleman. Who would have thought I should have liv'd
to have Fancies? and to bewitch so fine a Stranger.
An *Italian*, O sweet Variety; *Lucinia* save me; here
he comes; old *Alce* keep thy Countenance.

Enter Bumbardo.

Bumb. Alone thou Queen——

We Soldiers know the Loss of offer'd Time:

A Season slipt is ominous in Love;

Come let me ——

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Nurse. Nay pray away: You speak too loud; much
might be done with less Noise: I know you flout me,
alafs! I am past such Matters.

Bumb. Past breeding Teeth; but not past breeding
Boys:

By *Alva's* bloody Sword, that made fierce Boors
Of *Holland* break their Yoak. I am thy *Priamus*:
And love a Medler better than an Apple.
That will breed Worms; give me a Fruit is ripe:
I will be secret, trusty as thy Smock.

Nurse. I know not how to trust you; for I am a Fool,
too apt to be put down with fair Words: Thus I
have lost more than ever I could recover: But what
is past, is past; I will be wary hereafter, and trust no-
thing but an Oath.

Bumb. By *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Radamanth*, I am
As true, as rich *Damascus* Steel:
Close as an uncrack'd Nut; come be not Squeamish,
But let me taste the Nectar of thy Fountain.

[*He kisses her and licks his Lips.*]

Sweet by my Senses; sweet as Juice of Bee.

Nurse. My Heart misgives me, I must confels Mr.
Bumbardo, I liked you at first sight, but it becomes not
your Virtue to make Advantage of Time and Oppor-
tunity; for, let me tell you; *Pedro* is in love with me,
and if he have any Suspicion ——

Bumb. *Pedro*; hang him bafe Hedge-Plum;
Thou dost not know my Arm, nor he my Fury:
Fear nothing but the Change of my Affection,
For I am courted by a Thousand Dames,

Nurse.

Nurse. I shall not hold out if you tempt me so gallantly; undone, undone.

[*Pedro without, with a Fiddle and singing.*

I hear him come singing, hide as you are a Man!

Bumb. Where, where, sweet Nurse, where? if I should stay and kill him in a Rage, I should lose my Service.

Nurse. Away; here, here, for true loves Sake, here quickly.

[*Shewing a Place.*

Enter Pedro singing.

Ped. O! my Planet, art thou so near? come, give me a Fidler's Reward; somewhat favours somewhat; but nothing like thy Lips.

[*Kisses her.*

Nurse. Take it; out with these scraping Rascals; there's your pay Fool: I am not for your Tooth.

Ped. Don't think that I'll woo thee like a fawning Hound, but like a Steed of noble Race.

Nurse. Oh that Mr. *Bumbard* heard your Sauciness, you Beast you; you stink like a Cheesemonger.

Ped. Have you got a Bravo to Man your Gun-Room? I'll say no more, but *Bastinado* shall. *Alce*, sweet *Alce*, my fragrant *Alce*; I am thy true Love, and have articulated with that Scoundrel, never to meddle or make with thee.

Nurse. You article for me, Hedge-Hog! and hinder my Preferment! I tell thee, I scorn both thee and him; yet I will be at Liberty to meddle and make with whom I list, from an Earl to a Tinker, Passion of my Spleen, were it not for my Womanhood.

Ped. Come, let us wash away our Melancholy in the Cellar, where we shall meet honest *Lopez*, who shall decide this Matter, and I will sing you a Song by the Way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bumbardo from behind, peeping.

Bumb. Hoise up thy Sail; the Coast is clear of Storms:

Have I not 'scaped both *Scylla* and *Charibdis*?

Is not he valiant who is so oft in Perils?

Which

Which some avoid by Force, or Wit:
 On the base *Lopez* I will my Courage try;
 Perhaps I may find some Cow-hearted Fool,
 And then I'll beat that Varlet for the rest.
 But it is Prudent to conceal my Stratagems.
 I will retire; lest by their quick return,
 I may be forced again, to Want, and fall,
 No; he is Wise that first forecasteth all.

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Herculeo.

HERCULEO.

NOW I am paid with my own Presages,
 Not only scorn'd, but by my Friend supplanted.
 She speaks to him; she hath some Passion;
 To fly away, as somewhat were in earnest:
 To me all cold, all too indifferent,
 Would she be angry with me, there were Hope,
 She might be pleas'd, for all Extreams change.
 Nothing to me; but, Sir, you are mistaken:
 Pray be advis'd, seek some more worthy Object.
 There is no Hope, I must be mad,
 Wounded with Love, poison'd with Jealousy.

Enter Trivoltio.

Triv. Fy, fy, my Lord; you nurse a Serpent within
 in you, will gnaw your Bowels, and consume your
 Youth.

Herc. It is without me, Sir, don't trouble me.
 Pray give me leave to spend one Hour alone.

Triv. I cannot.

Herc. Then you must be content I answer not:
 Discourse is Poison to me.

Triv. What did you think a Maid was won at Sight?
 Modesty forbids; come, you are an Ignorant.

Herc.

Herc. Yes; and something else, a patient Fool;
Good *Trivoltio*, be not a double Tyrant.

Triv. What mean you? your Words are more distracted

Than are your Looks, pray utter all your Grief.

Herc. If you will needs enforce me into a Dialogue;
What was it you would tell me in fitter Time?

(The Place is private) why am I grown mad?

Triv. Nay; that I know not: But the rest I can;

She was afraid of being conquer'd;

And I for Shame of her, did lose my Colour.

Herc. O! was it so? what did that concern you?

Except you were the Man must wear the Garland.

Come, Lord *Trivoltio*, I can see my Death,

And look upon it like a Man: Tell me?

Fear not; must I be your glorious Triumph?

Triv. Now I perceive you are in love in earnest;

Is this the Passion blows you up with Wind?

Are you jealous of your Friend? unworthy Men

Only do nourish that self-rusting Humour.

I will, if Faith may satisfy your Fancy,

If sacred Laws of Friendship have the Power,

I never spake a Word, nor had a Thought,

But in your Praise, and all for your Advantage:

Then do not wrong me.

Herc. I do confess my Pain, and you must cure it,

Speak Life or Death; give Sentence on me, Friend;

I will believe thee.

Triv. Then hear my Vow, made only for thy Ease.

Bestow I never will one Sigh upon her;

Nor will I marry her, tho' she should sue;

I love *Lavinia*, and but her alone:

Yet not like you, grow mad for one Repulse;

If she refuse me still; I can keep single;

Pleasant I'll live, tho' I should never wed,

I have told you my firm Resolution,

Which to seal fast, I vow by love of her,

Never to marry any but *Lavinia*,

Except it be my Fortune to be beg'd

From Gallows; or from Torture sav'd,

By some most piteous Dame, that will enforce
That only Service for her Recompence:
Whoever else will be my wedded Wife,
She must my Life by Sentence give.

Herc. I am in Paradise! newly come out
Of a hot Fever, without letting Blood.
My *Æsculapius*! that hath saved my Soul.
I will be mad no more, except with Rage;
If my *Lavinia* do not pay this Debt;
Will you go marry my Sister instantly?
And I will win *Ariomana* spight of Fear.

Triv. Nay, stay; you will miss her, if you be so
hot:

Remember you are *Verrua*, yet disguised;
Will you marr all? discover your Return,
Before you have obtain'd your sole Desire.

Herc. Forgive me; by thy Love I was transported;
But you shall have her at the wish'd for Hour,
When I have mine; and we will keep one wedding,
Live in one House, have all our Joys in common,
Except our Wives: Come, when shall we go visit?

Triv. You ride Post, Man; take up and be collected.

Herc. Why? more Crosses now, is there another
Doubt?

Triv. Yes; one after another; every Man
In his own turn; you shall be served first,
And tell me how you like a married Life.

Herc. Like it! by the Joys of Love I like it,
Above Expression: Two to be made one;
Addition of a Soul, and Life and Members:
A Man to be reinforced by a few Words;
I like it better than *Elizian* Tales;
To be a married Man, is to be happy:
Methinks already I am rapt to Heaven.

Triv. Keep you there; but let me desire you not to
talk thus like a Man broke loose from himself; *Ariomana*
is a subtle Wench, and will look in at every
Crevice.

Let her look into my Heart; let her rip up
The secret Closets of my inward Thoughts;

She shall there find as in a Glass her Face,
That nothing but her self maintains the Place.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Parthenia.

Part. Why stays my Master now so long abroad?
Whilst I here waste my Life and Hopes together:
Now he is forswearing of *Parthenia*;
But as she was the Image of his Love:
Now he invokes all the great Quire of Heaven,
To be false Witness of his fickle Change.
What tho' she be like me, yet she doth want,
That Fire particular, which did first inflame
His Blood; 'twas me and not a Face he loved.
O, that I had but leave to rail at him!
That I durst speak one Word against my Heart.
I never knew what pining Envy was;
But now I feel some such Malignity,
Assail my Breast, cold as the Vipers Sting.

Enter Herculeo.

Herc. How now my Boy, whining? leave thy broken
Thoughts; I have promised thee to supply all thy Losses;
I dare not name them they are so like my own.

Part. Will you be as good as your Word, Sir, when
you know them all? perhaps there may be some exceed
your Bounty.

Herc. I will, by *Ariomana*; I will recompense them
all: Tell me, hast thou a Grief, or a Loss yet unutter'd?
can that little Casket of thy Breast keep any
Thing two Days without airing it?

Part. Yes, Sir, how did I keep my self secret from
all *Verona*, till I meet you; I saw somewhat in your
Face indeed, that did unlock my Heart; and yet I kept
one Corner to my self, to vent at Leisure.

Herc. Come, open it; what is it? I must know all:
I tell thee, *Romeo*, I am more easy than I was Yesterday:
Now thou may'st talk any thing; and perhaps, I
shall not mind thee.

Part.

Part. Ah, that is my Fear and Grief.

Herc. Well, then I will more than observe thee; I will love thee, what dost thou want? A Hat, or a Feather?

Part. Neither; but something else as light; such a Heart as yours, that can shake off Sorrow.

Herc. O my Boy, thou woundest me: I confess I should be sad too, but I cannot: thy Words have double meaning; there is some Mystery in thy Answer, thou talkest in Riddles: what is the Matter?

Part. Nothing, Sir, but that I had a Kinswoman was like you, that I loved above all the World, and she died too; and I cannot look upon you without some trouble.

Herc. O now I find your Grief, you were in Love with that Cousin of yours.

Part. Believe me, Sir, when you pity'd me, it was an Ease and Pleasure, to tell you all my Discontents; but I had rather now they consum'd me inwardly, than have them made the Subject of Laughter.

Herc. Forgive me this Fit, I have not many of them; only answer me, were you not in Love?

Part. No, Sir, I swear by your Commiseration of me, I never lov'd any so well as you, and to be in Love with you, were against Nature: I lov'd my Kinswoman as a Sister, and now I love you in her Place: But, if you mistake me, I will never tell you any more of my Sorrows.

Herc. Yes, my poor Boy, utter all; I will hear, pity, and assuage them.

Part. Well, seeing you will know, there is another Lady I fear will kill me.

Herc. What? You would not have me fight with a Woman? Prattler, you can dissemble no longer: You are in Love, Boy, and I will help thee. I will go to Rome for thee, speak for thee, wooe for thee, you shall despair of nothing there, if Love will not prevail, Money shall; A Man may be a Cardinal for Money.

Part. Sir, you do me infinite Wrong, you shall speak to no body for me, but to your self; that I may live with

with you, and go no more thither; and, because I see
you so hard of Satisfaction, I will make a solemn Vow,
Never to marry any Woman-kind,
Whose Faces seldom do express their Mind;
And but your self, to love no other Man;
I know you will reward me if you can:
You shall both Master, and my Mistress be:
If I break this, hate me for Perjury.

Here. Thou art extremely serious in thy Passion;
It is somewhat strange thou should'st love me so; but
it may do thee good; to spend other Humours; do so
still, and I will love thee.

Part. That Sir, is all I desire.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, my Master is seeking you in the Gar-
den.

Here. I come, *Romeo*, go shut the Closet; put up these
Papers in the Cabinet; do not read them.

(Exeunt severally.)

S C E N E III.

Enter Ariomana and Nurse.

Ari. Nurse, leave me alone.

Nurse. No, by Holy-dame', you will steal to a
Nunnery, so I may be sent hueing and crying of you
to those Houses, that have a Way in, but none out.
Eye, Tulip, leave these Dumps, the new Lord hath a
good Face, and I dare swear he loves you.

Ari. It is neither his smooth Looks, nor thy Prayers,
that can ease me, if I be sad; I desire nothing but thy
Absence.

Nurse. Yes marry, you shall pout; am not I your
Guardian? Must not I give account how you spend
your Time. Indeed, Lady, he is a proper Man.

Ari. Let him be so; so is *Bumbaro*.

Nurse. *Bumbaro*? And he too, must be thrown in
my Teeth, why, if I list, I am none of your Ward, I am
at mine own choosing; before you were born I knew
Man from an Horse-leaf: But I will tell your Fa-
ther.

Ari.

Ari. Do so; tell any Body any thing, so that I may shut the Door after you: I will be alone.

Nurse. Swear then you will not run mad.

Ari. Take my Word, I will not stir over the Threshold, without thy Consent.

Nurse. Yes, now you are obedient, and know my Power, I will lend you Time and Opportunity; I will give you leave to write a Love-Letter to that fine Stranger; but take heed you do not let him in at the Window. Lady, farewell; a Word is enough to the Wise.

[Exit.]

Ari. How many Follies have I Wretch committed?
 Banish'd my Sister, hazarded her honour;
 But that some blessed Angel was her Guide.
 It was not yet enough, first to betray
 Her Innocency, but to befool my self;
 To believe a Man that is all Hypocrisy.
 What art thou then, *Trivoltio*? Art thou mortal?
 That thou can'st thus resist the Powers of Love:
 Love that hath humbled the great Thund'rer
 To Cows, and Swans, and Clouds; melted himself
 To liquid Drops of Gold;
 Yet you refuse me in the Shape of Woman,
 For which the Fires of *Troy* were kindled:
 A Prize, for which the Savages make War.
 Man hath no other Riches natural,
 But our Sex; we were his Mines and Indies,
 Before Ambition travell'd to seek new;
 Do *Trivoltio*; glory in this Triumph;
 I would not change my choice of Misery:
 I will still bear; but have my full Revenge,
 For I will hate thy Friend for loving me:
 I will not see, nor give him one good Look;
 Lest I waste so much of my Debt to thee:
 Perhaps I will not speak, or if I should,
 Each word that him denies for thee shall woo;
 And if you force my Silence; his Despair
 Shall teach thee what my Grievs and Torments are.

Enter Vincentio passing in haste.

Brother, you shall not 'scape me so.

Vinc.

Vinc. Pardon me, Sister; I was loth to interrupt you, I thought you were saying your Prayers, or were mourning for your Sins; I heard you in a sad murmur.

Ari. You are always so sour, that I had rather let you go by, than force you to a Parly: Indeed, Brother, I have too many Sins, yet I want one which abounds in you.

Vinc. What is that? hating of your Sex? I do not hate neither; but can as well pass my time in a Glass-House, or a China Shop, as with them: But tell me, seeing you will enforce me to a Dialogue, what did you mutter to your self? Hath the *Savoyan* or *Trivoltio* crack'd your Virginity in Contemplation? If you love but to Wishes and Hopes, you are a Maid no longer.

Ari. I am glad you are so merry, though it be a cross Way: If you begin to talk of Love, it may enter in at your Ears, the Archer shoots at all Games; but to satisfy you, I was repeating a Piece of *Ovid*.

Vinc. Then you confess your Disease: Who shall be your Physician?

Ari. You make too much haste: A Woman may as well read an Elegy without Infection, as a Fryar a Homily without Understanding. I am not in Love, except it be with your Humour: *Trivoltio* cares for no one but himself; as for the Lord *Verrua*, I spare him as a Stranger.

Vinc. No, let us hear the Simile; I know you are a Fire to utter it.

Ari. He looks like a *French* Bafon, with his Hands in his Pockets, seeking the poor Remains of his Cash; as if his Mistress had taken his Wits in pawn for a Kifs, which whensoever he shall redeem, he will be the Loser.

Vinc. Come, I discover, that is the Man; and you would fain jest me out of Suspicion.

Ari. No, rather him out of my Company: but he hath an excellent Gift like a Courtier, never to take notice of any thing must offend him.

Vinc. Now I have heard you with patience; I must tell you soberly, he is a brave, courteous, worthy Gentleman.

Ari. If you like him so well, I could wish you were a Woman for his Sake.

Vinc. Help me, *Hercules*. How dost thou curse me? A Woman.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Yes, Sir, A Woman; and just such a one as I.

Vinc. What, the sag End of Woman-kind? Worse and worse: I had rather be a Jesuit's Horse always to carry a Counterfeit; I shall not escape your Prayers if I stay, therefore sweet Pudding-makers, farewell.

Nurse. Nay, stay you Riggil, take my Blessing with you; I hope to see thee marry'd to some penitent Chamber-maid. Why, Snuff-candle, if you were a Woman, it were a Credit for you to be as you be: But for a Man and want his Vouchers, Foh. —

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Trivoltio.

Triv. It is a hard Task, I have undertaken, I wooe for him, where I might speed my self: And I am not a Woman-hater made; Yet may not love her, for mine Honour's sake. How shall I speak, and may not look upon her; She will interpret all by her own Sense; If I forbear to go; or going, speak not, My Pupil dies a Maid; — And if I do my best for him to win her, Ev'ry good Look she gives me, will prove fires Of Jealousy, which I must quench with Protestations: It is impossible to keep his Humour even: Sometimes pale Fears, cold Desperations Wrap up his walking Ghost in looks of Death: Anon, a burning or a sweating Sickness Cure him of these; and presently he flies An higher Pitch than *Icarus*, and swells

With

With windy Thoughts, or rather dreams of Joy,
Such as the *Lyrick* Poet never thought on.
What shall I do? and how behave my self?
Had not that foolish Girl escaped away,
And left us to one Chace: both might have sped;
I will go prove what *Vincentio*
Can do, with his back Rules of single Life,
By Contraries great Ills are soonest cured,
Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Go to Count *Urfinos* and desire Lord *Vincentio* to meet
me at the Ampitheatre; where I will wait for him on
important Business. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Parthenia.

Part. If my Master had not charged me not to read
these Verses, I had locked them up without curiosity;
But I am a Woman in any Habit, and love all forbid-
den Fruits, I must open them, though therein I know
I shall find mine own death. [*Reads.*

Teach not those Eyes, made to enlight the Air,
To bid despair;

Or if you have no Tongue, but to deny,
Teach me to die;

Your Face my Heaven is; and I your Earth;
Infuse new Birth
Into this barren Soil; which you should cherish,
Or else I perish,

O! you were made an Angel; be not then
The Bane of Men;

Change but my Pain; inflict some other Curse,
For none is worse,

Than to endure Torments of Hell, for her
I so prefer.

Alas! I might have been that happy Maid,
And these sweet Lines might have been sent to me;

I have observed to many Changes in him,
Sad, sad as Death! and then distracted merry!

O, Sister! could you keep him in some Temper,
Not love him much, nor hate him to his ruin,

Then you would recompense your Fraud to me,

E 2

That

That I might live at least to look upon him.
 Who knows the Change of this uncertain World?
 There is a Providence above all Plots:
 And Marriages, they say are made in Heaven.
 If such Things should fall out; I would be kind,
 And make amends for all his Sufferings.
 But why do I dream these flattering Hopes?
 He loves my Sister, and love cannot change,
 If it be true; if false, he is not worth
 That Love that I lay up in Store for him.
 Well, I will put these Verses in their Place;
 But keep the Sense imprinted in my Heart. [Exit.

Enter Trivoltio at one Door, and Vincentio at the other.

Triv. Well met, my noble Lord; you will pardon my troubling you.

Vinc. I cannot receive a more pleasing Command.

Triv. My Lord *Vincentio*, I have always known you real; an Enemy to unnecessary Prefaces; noble and virtuous; readier to do good Deeds, than to hear them required of you: And therefore in Confidence of that Friendship, in which you have always made me happy, I have thought it a Part thereof, to acquaint you with a hard Case, such as I know you are not used to pity; but now it concerns you, the Lord *Verrua* is desperately in Love with your Sister *Ariomana*, and she is as perverse as he is passionate; the Business is arrived to Extremity; and I fear his undoing.

Vinc. Alas! poor Gentleman! but think you that he will die for Love?

Triv. Yes, or worse, fall mad; and you only that I know, may help him; by undertaking to temper your Sister, and to persuade for him.

Vinc. A Labour of *Hercules*! and most against my Nature: I have no Taste of Conference with Women, especially in praising them, without which no Man can please them, and without pleasing, no Man can win them. But being my Sister, tho' a Woman, perhaps I may speak to her, as well as I can, to little purpose:

purpose: but if she deny me once, what shall I reply?

Triv. The Truth: Tell her, that he is noble, rich, and fit for her, and above all that he loves her dearly; that his Life and her Denial have one Destiny.

Vinc. I confess all this, that he is more than worthy of her, and that I pity him.

Triv. You must try: The Cause is so good, it will plead it self in your Mouth.

Vinc. Well, Sir, if you will needs enforce this Office upon me, I will do my best: lay not the Fault of Failing on any thing, but your own ill Choice.

Triv. It is enough; the least Word you give is above Security; all your Actions have shewn your Sincerity, this will publish your good Nature: My Business is finished, and I no longer detain you.

Vinc. Farewel; you have made me half a Lover.

Triv. All Happiness attend your Lordship.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Bumbardo, with a Letter in his Hand.

Bumb. I must recover Credit: I am stiled
By every Peasant Rascal for a Coward;
That fawning Spaniel *Lopez* dare use my Name
Without due Reverence, in tulsome Jest.
But since I dare not put my Bones in hazard,
I must take Refuge in the Cunning of my Brain;
And give the Slave a Challenge not subscribed,
Which when he reads, I shall discover Passions
Of burning Valour, or of trembling Fear:
If he flash out in Wrath, and ask the Name,
Length of the Sword of his inviting Foe;
Then will I soon convert it to a Jest:
but if I find him pale, or sinking under
The furious Words of this my stern Defiance,
I then will cry, *Bumbardo* is the Man;
And urge him to the Battle, with such Horror,
That he shall think himself already dead,

And basely make some Shew of Composition,
Which I will not accept in private; but
Refer the Cause to Brethren of the Sword.
I will demand a Nose for Satisfaction,
Fall to an Ear; at last content to take
Power to cut either, and so pardon both.
Only he shall under his palsy Hand
Confess me valiant, and that he hath wrong'd me;
And here he comes, as if the Fates did favour,
And stood propitious to this my Cunning.
Assist me, *Mars*, that I may give it boldly.

Enter Lopez.

Save thee, nimble *Lopez*, you are the Man I seek.

Lop. Soon found; your Errand quickly, for I am going to the Cutler's in great haste for a Sword.

Bumb. An ill Preface; but I am now engaged. [*Aside*]
I have a Letter to you from a Gentleman; can you read?

Lop. According to the Hand; give it me, dispatch.

[*Bumbardo gives it, and the other opens it.*]

Tow, wou, yeho tow, here is a Fift written by some
Indian King with the blunt End of a Dart, or with a
Turkish Cane, a Heathen Character. I shall never
discover one Letter; if the Matter be important, *Mr.*
Bum, you must lend me the Key of your Friend's Cypher;
if not you must stay for an Answer, till I meet
with our Parish Clerk; so, Sir, Valeto.

Bumb. Nay, stay thy Flight; I can discharacter it;
and so I have in charge.

Lop. Be brief, and read it then.

[*Bumbardo reads.*]

Lopez, thou hast wrong'd mine Honour, I do defy thee,
challenge thee, at Musket, Pike, or Sword; the Choice
of Place and Time I wave, as by the Law of Arms accords
to thee; only I warn thee accept it, that I may right my
Reputation, by cutting out thy Tongue. Farewel, until we
meet, and then some shall fare ill. Thy furious Foe

Lop. Read his Name.

Bumb. Nay, do you concur, and will you meet him?

Lop. Meet him? yes, by *Vulcan's* Hammer, I will fight with the Rogue at all these Weapons, and more; and for the Place, every where, in Theatre or Saw-pit.

Bumb. Most valiant *Lopez*, the Man hath no other Name than thy Friend.

Lop. No Name, Sirrah? Come, tell me his Name and find me out the Coward, or I will take you for my Man, and cudgel your Hide.

Bumb. Why, *Lopez*, by this Hilt, it is all a Jest; and no other than a Metaphor of inviting thee to a Breakfast.

Lop. Jest, you Scoundrel, By *Hector's* Scymiter, I will beat thee, if instantly thou dost not give me Satisfaction, and interpret your Riddles, and make your Emblems appear evident and proper.

Bumb. Easy, noble *Teucer*; the whole Plot is to abuse *Pedro*; defy and challenge are hard Words of double Sense. The Musket is a Bottle charged with Sack, the Pike a Rasher on the Coals, the Sword the dangerous Oyster-knife: The Tavern, and the House at thy Election; to cut thy Tongue, is with rich Malmsey, to make thee Speechless; farewell is eatwel; and some shall fare ill, is meant of *Pedro*, who shall be left to pay the Shot.

Lop. You have made it hang together like a *French* Man's Joints: Well Challenger, now make good your Invitement, or, I shall crack your Noddle. The Place is the Cardinal's Hat; the Time, to-morrow; So farewell. [Exit.

Bumb. Worse and worse; I think this Air is fatal; Every Rogue will fight; only I dare not: And knowing it, yet cannot be content To live in Shades of Peace and Quietness; But I for Glory must try dangerous Tricks: Curse on my foolish Plots; where shall I find Money to bring me off, to pay my Score? Rub up thy Brain; two Ducals will discharge me.

I am resolved; my State cannot be worse, To pick this Ransom from old Nurse's Purse. [Exit.

Enter Vincentio and Ariomana.

Vinc. What is your Resolution? will you be froward?

Ari. I am amazed at you; you were used to study only to despise Love; and are you become a Broker?

Vinc. The Lord *Verrua* hath all Accomplishments.

Ari. I acknowledge it; yet cannot marry another's Fancy.

Vinc. Will you not be rul'd? must I know the Perverseness of your Sex by this Experience?

Ari. My Constancy to your own Education.

Vinc. I am changed; come you shall wed him.

Ari. I am my Father's Ward, not yours: Sir, if you grow serious, I will leave you.

Vinc. Do, leave being my Sister.

Ario. I fear'd you would grow angry: I am content to bear any Thing; this Passion is your Affection to me: He is too worthy, I confess that, and leave him out of Humility; and so I will you, to avoid your farther Displeasure. [Exit.

Vinc. I knew how I should speed; and am angry with her, yet the Fault may be in my Oratory: I have done my best, and could wish it were mine own Cause, that all Women may so answer me. *Trivoltio* you shall now know what Impression I have made in her; just as much as Glass will in a Diamond.

Who for another Man will woo; must act,
As if he guilty were of the same Fact. [Exit.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Count Ursino, and Trivoltio.

U R S I N O.

C O M E, Sir, disclose your Mind;
The Place is fit; my Heart is clear and open:
You cannot speak the Thing that can offend me.

Triv.

Triv. My Lord, I know you wise; yet very tender,
In natural Affections to your Children,
Which alone forces me to a Preamble.

Urf. Be brief, my good Lord; I long to hear you.

Triv. I need not tell you what the Honour is,
The Birth and Riches of the Lord *Verrua*;
These are the wrinkled Stuff of Pedigrees;
None of his own, but his Forefather's Glory:
His Virtues, Valour, Modesty and Learning,
Are the true Ornaments of all the rest,
Wherein he may, but does not make his Boast.
He loves your Daughter, the fair *Ariomana*,
So honestly, with so much Passion,
That all his seeming good or ill depends
On Hopes of her.

Urf. Are you sincere? doth he love my Girl?

Triv. More than dry Earth doth Rain; or Birds the
Spring.

Urf. Say you so, good Faith? and has he menti-
oned it to her? how does she approve of it? what An-
swer gives she him?

Triv. Too like a Maid; or else I know not how;
Mixed with too much Averseness, or Disdain.

Urf. That is not well; I like it not; he is a noble
Count, she should use all Men courteously, especially
of Quality and Rank; by mine Order I will chide her:
Good-will ever deserves at least civil Usage.

Triv. There is no Want, my Lord, of that in her,
It may be, she stays in Reverence
'Till your Desire or Leave be first exprest.

Urf. Come, come; I will tell you true; this Motion
hath jump'd with my Desires: I like the Gentleman
very well, let him win her and wear her; I will give
him a good Word, tho' marry I must tell you, I love
my Child, and have promised her I will never force her.

Triv. My Lord, you have engaged me many Ways,
Only give me leave to put you in Mind,
We must not take the first Refusal as such;
Maids must appear to have been overcome
With due Obedience to their Parents Will.

Urf.

Urf. Let me alone, I will do what is fit for a Father, and expect from her like a Daughter; therefore lose no Time, return to-morrow, you and your Friend; you shall be welcome.

Triv. My Lord, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Urf. Many Farewels; what, hoe; *Nurse*, who is there?

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. What is your Pleasure forsooth? or is all Pleasure past with you?

Urf. No, Candle Brewer; I hope to be merry yet before I dye; go call *Ariomana* hither; quick, quick, be gone.

Nurse. I go, Sir, as fast as becomes my Years and Gravity.

[*Exit.*

Urf. I hope it will prove an honourable Match; the Family an Earl, noble and ancient; the Man proper and virtuous; Estate I care not, I am Rich: Here she comes, and looks as if some good Luck were towards her.

Enter Ariomana.

Come hither *Ariomana*, why dost thou think I sent for thee in such haste? don't you expect the Discovery of some new *Florence Silk* to make thee fine?

Ari. I know, Sir, when you call, it is for my good, and shall be ever to my Content: And yet I fear it now. (*Aside.*) Cloaths I want none; your Bounty ever prevents my Desire.

Urf. Come Girl; I will cloath thee in the Arms of Man; I have News for you; the Lord *Verrua* loves you, and I like him.

Ari. Sorrow for the one, makes me not glad of the other, for tho' he deserves liking of you, yet I cannot rejoyce at his loving me.

Urf. Why so? he is a Gentleman compleat in all Virtues, and I know has made his Addresses to you.

Ari. I cannot deny it; it is the usual Discourse of Men; But you, Sir, have told me, I must not believe that every Sigh comes from the Heart.

Urf.

Urf. True, not every one ; but his are true; his Suit honest, and equal to my Hopes.

Ari. Good Sir, as you are my Father, be so to my Affections : I desire not to marry.

Urf. Away with your Modesty to me : you use him they say harshly, and he merits better Respects; come tell me, cannot you love him ?

Ari. I fear I cannot.

Urf. But if I command ?

Ari. O keep in that Authority; leave me the Liberty you once gave me; I will rather dye than say I will be disobedient; then I beseech you do not press me to a Choice, wherein I have no Part but to say Ay, and think and weep the contrary.

Urf. I am sorry to see thee so seriously disapprove my first Motion; nor will I strive with a Disposition so gentle; think on it my Child, and think thus; thy Father doth almost command, when he doth conceal it, it will be my Comfort to see thee do well; but if you are too nice, too self-will'd and over-slip the Time; the Grief may be mine, but the Punishment, Harm and Shame will be your own.

Ari. I hope there will be no Cause; I know you will consider I have a mind to satisfy, as well as a Resolution ever to obey you.

Urf. Thou art my best Daughter; by thy Mother's Love I will not force thee.

Nurse. By my Grandames Bones, but I would; what, must you withstand your Fortune for Fancies? is not the Man to be liked? yes, and to be loved too, by as good as you; you will chop Logick with your Father, you? thus you use me, when I instruct you? My Lord, marry them, put them to Bed; for the rest, I'll give my Word it will come.

Urf. How like you *Nurse's* Counsel?

Ari. It is like her self; the true Advice of an old Woman.

Urf. Well, do you consider what I have said, *Nurse*, let her know it is ill to lose Time; Business calls me away.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Herculeo alone.

Yes, now he is a Wooing for his Friend!
 Why stays he then so long for Ay or no?
 Two the least Words, yet of most Consequence,
 If he has obtain'd *Ursino's* Consent,
 What hinders him, he brings me not the News?
 If our *Vincentio* should not so agree,
 Why speaks he not? that I may challenge him,
 And win her by the Sword, profess my self
Herculeo? defy them all and dye?
 No they are affable, both kind and loving:
 She is obdurate, or *Trivoltio* false,
 False Jealousy, thou art as strong as Pestilence.

Enter Parthenia.

What sayest thou, *Parthenia*, why am I thus uneasy?

Part. Sir, I know not, but that you love one, it
 seems loves not you; I wonder at you but more at her.

Herc. Why? what *Æthiope* can choose but adore the
 Sun,

Although it burn him black? it is thy Love my Boy
 That blinds thee, and makes thee flatter me.

Part. It may be so, Sir, for I do love you, and she
 doth not.

Herc. What Remedy? hast thou any Counsel, or
 Comfort for me?

Part. Yes; let us leave this Air, return to *Savoy*, see
 other Beauties despise her; who knows whether you
 may not find another like her; I am sure more Loving.

Herc. I cannot leave her.

Part. Try a little, I will wait so diligently on you,
 you shall not miss her.

Herc. Well Child! I can hear you tutor me, or bid
 me hate her, because my Pain is so great, that any o-
 ther Motion, though to the worse, is an ease in the va-
 riety; but,

O ye Powes of Love! be ye a Witness,

And

And hear my Oath which Rage doth force from me,
If *Ariomana*, do not at last relent and pity me :

I vow that I will never love or dote,
On any cloathed in female Habit ;
My Boy, I rather will betroth to thee
Than any other Woman, if not she.

Par. Good, my Lord, be not so impatient; tempt
not Heaven by rash Promises; they bind, when they
are made : Alas, Sir, if I were a Woman, I would
not bring you into these Extreame.

Her. What wouldest thou do ?

Par. Love you.

Enter Trivoltio.

Tri. My Lord I have done your Business; bravely,
successfully : be happy ; she is your own, if she be a
Child of *Ursino's* : He likes it, he doats on you : He
hath undertaken it : And to morrow I must bring you
to the Bar ; plead aloud ; openly, before her Father's
Face : where she will not dare to refuse, but as my
Daddy pleaseth, forsooth ; then comes my six and fifty,
like Good-nature, laughs, tickled with the Joys of o-
thers ; proclaims, take her ; live happy together : So
the next Day you are married, and at Night embrace
your lovely *Helen*.

Her. Do not you now make too much Haste ?

Tri. No, it is impossible to be cross'd, but by the
Knot.

Her. What Answer had you of *Vincentio* ?

Tri. He most willingly gave his Consent,
He wish'd the Match, and promised his Aid.

Her. But what more hath he done in it ?

Tri. That is no Matter, you are too inquisitive ; take
this Rule from me, a Maid never told any second Per-
son first of her Love.

Her. O, it would ease my Heart, to know that I
should escape this Sicknes, or die ; you must tell me
what she said to him.

Tri. She did deny him ; what of that ? he urged her,
till she was ready to cry ; and when Women melt, they
yield.

Her.

Her. I know not what to think.

Tri. Come away, I'll warrant you good Success.

[*Exeunt all but Parthenia.*]

Par. Accursed be his Friendship, and my Fate :

Just when I said, that I would love my Lord,
He that Match-maker did interrupt me,
And brings me News worse than the Death of Parents,
Will she now have him ? where are all my Hopes ?
If she had stay'd two Days, I had persuaded
And overcome him to have left *Verona*,
Then I had served alone without a Rival.
He might have gone into some Hermitage,
And there in Time I durst have told him what
And who I am, his first beloved *Parthenia*. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Ursino, Vincentio, Ariomana and Nurse.

Urf. Ha, my daughter, do not omit thy Harvest,
A good Husband is a rare and timely Fruit.

Ari. Alas, Sir, I do not refuse ; but intreat that Liberty
which Nature hath bestowed on all Free-born.

Urf. Dost thou love any other then, without my Consent ?

Ari. No, nor never will be so much my own Chooser,
as to rob you of that Obedience I owe a Father.

Urf. I told you I should sorrow, but you will smart,
The Match is noble, the Man worthy ; Peace, here he comes, at least use him courteously.

Enter Trivoltio and Herculeo.

Triv. Health to your Lordship, and this good Company.

Urf. You keep your Promise, Sir, and I my Word :
A happy Meeting to both your Lordships.

I have broken the Ice, and done my Part, it is as you said,
she hangs off : A coy Baggage ; but now we will put her
to her Answer. [Aside to Trivoltio.]

Triv. But my Lord, I must first present the Suit to
you, for form's Sake.

[*Trivoltio takes Herculeo by the Hand, and leads
him to Ursino.*]

Triv.

Triv. My Lord, I cannot doubt you have observ'd
More in the Looks of this most noble Count,
Than ordinary Respect born to your House :
He loves your Daughter, and doth ask the Favour
To become yours. He gives himself away,
To you and her, and longs to be your Son.

Urf. I thank him for his good Will, I do accept it;
I have seen somewhat, our Minds are not blind, tho'
our Eyes decay. If you love my Daughter, Lord *Ver-*
rua, a noble Count loves her, and it is no Discredit;
there she is, old enough; my Consent shall be no Bar.
By *Hymen*, win her, love her, and lie with her, if she
will let you; only this aforehand, I will not force my
Child. If you cannot get her, the Fault be between
you; come hither *Ariomana*, here is a New-Years-Gift
for you; a Noble-man loves you; make few Words;
say no, and take him. *[She answers not.]*

Herc. First, I shou'd with all Respect, acknowledge
To you, my Lord, this undeserved Bounty;
For which, I am more a Servant, than a Son;
But, that I am amaz'd with so much Beauty,
I have scarce power to speak, for Admiration :
She hath so all possess'd my Faculties,
That I forget good Manners and Civility :
You only, Madam, can restore my Wits,
Remake me Man, that am now lost with Love;
Love, that I need not tell you, you have felt it.

Ari. Good Sir, urge no Secrets on me : If you had
shewn that respect you have profess'd, you would not
endeavour'd to have surpriz'd me by a Plot; I am sorry
you will force me to a publick catechising.

Urf. How, my Girl? Plots and Catechising : I like
not these Figures.

[She falls on her Knees.]

Ari. O, Sir, as you are a Father, be compassionate;
do not compel me to hold my Peace when you com-
mand.

Urf. Stand up, stand up; if all my Perswasions may
prevail for my Comfort, and thy Good, let me not
fear thy implicit, Wilfulness.

Vinc.

Vinc. Are you a Child to him, a Sister to me? Shame us not, he begs, that should command; he sues, that is too worthy of Denial.

Triv. Madam, it is an Honour to be thus besieg'd: You have held out enough, if not too much: Yield to us all, if not to us, to him.

Nurse. She hath ever been thus self-will'd, from the Cradle to the Saddle: My sweet Pupil, shew your self of my breeding, and accept the Gentleman. What, am I baited? is there no tenderness left in a Father? No pity in a Brother? in you, *Trivoltio*, no Faith? in my Ravisher, no Respect to me? Alas, happy my Sister, happy *Parthenia*: I am now justly punish'd for thee.

Urf. Answer us; be not so full of your own Opinion.

Her. O speak, speak one Word gentle like your self, Condemn or give me Life; do not torment me.

Ari. I would refrain to say any thing should offend you, or my Father; you do the Violence, and yet complain; your Love doth not only afflict me, but undo me.

Her. O Wretch accursed, despised, betrayed.

Urf. Nay, then I must interpose my Authority: Girl either take a good Offer, or resolve us; and give your Reason, that I may be blameless in the judicious Eye of the World.

Ari. Be Witness then, O thou chaste Queen of Maids, I am not guilty of this force committed: If nothing else will satisfy this Man But a proclaim'd Refusal: know I can Give it with Confidence.

Rather than marry him that will compel Me to displease my Father, and to give Reasons above Reason: Wherefore, and why? I vow to choose my greatest Enemy.

[*Herculeo draws his Sword, pulls off his false Beard.*
I am the Man, I am *Herculeo*;
The scorned Son of a murder'd Father.

[*Herculeo draws towards Vincentio to fight him.*

Urf.

Urf. and } Treason; Murther, Murther.
Ari.

(*Servants run in and seize Herculeo and Trivoltio.*)

Triv. What, are you mad? Have you undone your self?

Herc. Yes, I am mad; I have undone all; and but these strong Clowns, would undo their Bowels.

Triv. Were I out of these Briars, I would beware of Factions, and reconciling melancholy Lovers.

Urf. I will have Justice, Law against these Traytors, You have stoll'n my Daughter, my *Parthenia*; Restore my Child, you have abus'd my House; My Patience and good Nature, I will have Law.

Herc. You shall have Blood, old Wolf: give me my Father.

Triv. O fall not into Violence and Rage;
But shew that we are Men of envy'd Virtue;
Our Passions are meer Rebels, master them,
And shew that Reason is Monarchical,
Adversity and Crosses crown our Life;
'Tis easy to be good where all goes well,
As to be valiant where there is no Danger:
My Lord *Ursino*, you have been renown'd
For nobleness of Mind, for love of Justice,
We have not so offended when you know
The honest Meaning of our Enterprize.

Urf. Honest, to steal my Child; to break the Laws
Of Hospitality; to use false Beards,
To bring mine Enemy into my Bosom;
To scorn my Family, and betray your Friend;
Trivoltio, I did not look for this from you.

Triv. Worthy old Man, I only have endeavour'd
To bring sweet Peace and Quiet to your House;
To reconcile the Rancor bred between you,
To which this noble Youth consented,
And bury'd all his Hatred in those Hopes,
Clearly forgiving you, that nearest Blood
Which you have shed; and for a Seal of Peace
Desir'd to take your Daughter for a Wife,
And for *Parthenia*, we are innocent,

F

We

We know not where she is.

Urf. I care not; I will believe no double Faces; I will forgive nobody, I will have Justice take its course, carry them to Prison, to the Judge: Demand the Law, which in our City is irrevocable, that whosoever steals another's Child, or enters the House disguised, is taken for Guilty, and shall die without Mercy; away with them.

[*They offer to carry them away.*]

Ario. What shall I do, suffer them both to die?

[*She falls on her Knees.*]

O! My dear Father, be not so severe,
Spare their unthinking youth.

Urf. You have a share in the fault, and yet do you plead? Instinct directed thee not to love mine Enemy, and I am glad of it.

Ariom. I cannot see your Honour die in them,
The World will call this Justice cruelty;
Pray shew your mercy is above all malice.

Urf. How, sue for my Enemy; and for thy shame?

Ariom. *Trivoltio* only sought a work of charity.

Urf. Well I am content for thy sake, to give Life to one of them, to spare one; choose which you will and quickly, take him and marry him, if you will save him; I will have thy Name no more in Question; Dispatch make the Election, one; but one; at your choice upon mine Honour.

Ariom. (*Riseth.*) I am content for one is all my suit,
I Love *Trivoltio* who hath scorned me:

Herculeo hath loved me with fervent passion:

Shall I requite with death him that adored,

And served me with so much integrity?

Him that hath hazarded his life to see me?

Or shall I pardon him that hath despised

My offer'd love? And that never cared

Nor for mine Honour, nor for my content;

But sought to force me upon a Stranger?

Speak *Trivoltio*; do you not see your Error?

Will you requite me if I save your Life?

Triv. The price you offer Lady is too great,
I do confess that I am most unworthy:

But

But this my Friend, my Lord *Herculeo*,
Take him and save his Life, and let me die;
I never can be false unto mine Honour.

Ariom. You then refuse me?

Triv. No! But prefer my truth before my Life;
Even Gratitude must make me love you.

Herc. By my Father's blood, I will not have her,
Take her *Trivoltio*, I approve thy Faith;
It is enough to me thou wert not false.

Urf. Dispatch, or they shall both stand to the Law.

[She speaks to Herculeo,

Ariom. Sir I thank you, that you have forsworn me:
Good Nature would not let me choose, until
You changed your Love, for which I pitied you;
Pardon a Woman whose Infirmary
It is, to love our selves above all others.
My Father will shew mercy, or some Angel
Come to relieve you: You shall have my Prayers,
But you *Trivoltio*, though you have despised
And merited my Revenge, instead of favour
I cannot do it: It is you I Love. *[She falls on her knees.*
His life I beg, my Father give him me.

Urf. Speak, Sir.

Triv. I am confounded in my Senses:
I honour you; and am ashamed to say
For fear of Death, that I become a Servant
To her to whom I owe my Life, and Love;
I am her Vassal; She fulfils my Vow.
But you, my Lord, esteemed alway Noble,
Take pity on the Youth of this brave Earl:
Consider all his Fault was Love and Hope,
To reconcile your Faction and forgive;
Take pity on my Reputation,
Which now is yours, if I become your Son.

Urf. Nay you are too forward to become a Solicitor
when the Halter is but new off; I will have Justice, let
go *Trivoltio*, away with the Traytor.

Herc. Traytor in thy Throat.

[They offer to carry him away.]

Triv. O! Stay but hear me speak.

Herc. Not for me;

I will not live by his Pardon.

Urf. To the Goal, no more *Trivoltio*.

[*They go away with him, Trivoltio runs to embrace him.*]

Triv. Farewel my Honour; do not despair;
I either will release and free thy Life,
Or ne'er know pleasure in a married State.

[*Herculeo is carried away.*]

Urf. Come, Sir, you shall marry to-morrow, I will have
no more Scandals, go get a Licence and a Priest.

Triv. To thrive my Friend, alas, what Day can crown
My Brows with Joy, if he must die for me.

Urf. If you like not the match, go after him, and
hang; there is no remedy: I will have Law; follow
me *Ariomana*.

[*Exit with Ariomana.*]

Triv. I must:

Not love of Life, nor her hath made me marry,
But to save him; to get a little time
To use my Wits: Which if they fail my Friend,
One Day shall see my Wedding, and my End.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Lopez in a Gown and Velvet Cap, Pedro, Bumbar-
do and Nurse.*

Lop. Will you make me a Judas of the Peace? Shall
I sit and decide Controversies?

Ped. Yes; you shall give just Judgment; my Noble
Minos.

Lop. Methinks I have too good a Face for a Judge:
I cannot mump like an old Ape; but will you stand to
my Sentence?

Nurse. Most willingly, we do submit our Causes to
your Gravity.

Lop. Then I take my place, and will be muffled in my
understanding. Come, take your Oath; you shall
swear to open your causes plainly, to tell no more truth
than is requisite; not to rail like Lawyers; and lastly de-
crees pronounced to obey; and to abjure appeals.

Ped.

Ped. I swear by my Lord and Master's cognizance.

Bumb. And I by the dreadful and enchanted Sword
of *Gesmond*.

Nurse. And I by the hopes I have to be settled in
mind and body to one of these Gentlemen.

Lop. Then I will be upright: Begin your pleadings;
Pedro speak you first.

Ped. O! Most fearful Judge; this present Woman,
Nurse of our House, I have pursued with darts of Love,
full fourteen Years, I oft have Kissed, Embraced, had
Promises and Earnest; but now she hangs off; I
then demand accomplishment of hopes, and pregnant
right.

Lop. Did she contract or no?

Ped. I know not those Law Terms; but she said and
did as much, as would shame you to hear.

Lop. What say you *Nurse*; have you given him your
Word as he pretends?

Nurse. No; I have not engaged; I have kept my self
free; Indeed I have led him on with small favours, as
reversions of Candles and the like; but I am as inno-
cent of Action, as of Honesty; and upon that I will
take my Death.

Lop. What is your Title, Squire, claim you by Law of
Arms, or Ravishment?

Bumb. Decider of truth; I speak like a Man of brass,
That will not blush to tell his homely Tale;
I never sought this Lady in the wrong,
Of my brave friend the Flower of *Pedro's* race;
But seeing him sometimes in tottering Hopes,
I did not scorn a rich, and offer'd booty:
And thus we closed with Winks and other Tokens,
I saw she loved.

Her true Affection then my Title is,
I plead but that, and I dare plead no more;
The most assured rights have fewest Words.

Ped. Do you brag.

Lop. Peace! Silence! abuse not the Court: Answer

Nurse, have you loved this Boaster?

Nurse. I protest upon my Pedigree I cannot tell, whether I might not let fall a Sigh, or utter a Look that he might interpret at his pleasure; I have had some Inclination to his Complexion, Pepper is Black.

Ped. Did not I Mr. *Bum* article with you, not to make love to her; did not I find this ungrateful Badger looking at the poor Man's Basket, lean and starved; did not I bring him to our service, and fed him like a Calf; Fat; on these Conditions, not to meddle with my Affairs. Let his Cheeks speak what a benefactor I have been, and now to supplant me.

Lop. Say Mr. *Lazarillo*; is all this true?

Bumb. I cannot deny it; but how could I refuse her? I know my Judge is wise, if *Pedro* storm, you see my Innocence.

Lop. Are you content Mrs. *Nurse* to have one of them?

Nurse. Yes, forsooth.

Lop. To which are you most affected?

Nurse. Truly to both: I would do none wrong, *Pedro* hath deserved kindness; and kindness hath deserved *Bumbardo*. I will not have the Guilt on my conscience, to cast away any of them, as the Law speaks, so I am ready to be executed.

Lop. Then hear your Sentence *Pedro*; whereas you plead ancient Service and Promises; and the case indifferent to the Spinster; I do adjudge her to thee for Wife and Bedfellow, be kind as she is aged, and rejoice in Nuptials.

Nurse. I accept the Offer.

Ped. O righteous Judge.

Lop. Nay stay, hear the other part of my Judgment. For you the Man ungrateful to your Friend and Benefactor, I do adjudge you first to be tossed in a Blanket, and then shamefully discarded, and so I rise from this Honoured Bench; away with him to immediate Execution.

All. Away with him.

[*They bang him forward, and Execute.*]

SCENE V.

S C E N E V.

[*Enter Ursino, Trivoltio, Vincentio, Ariomana, Trivoltio whispering with Ursino and Servants.*

Urf. Bring out the Prisoner; I will have right, *Trivoltio*,
The Laws are dead without due Execution.

Triv. O! my Lord, let my Honour be a ransom for
his Life.

Urf. The Prisoner, I say I cannot hear.

Ariom. Will you then make my Nuptials ominous
With Auspices of Death? O! Sir be gracious,
Tous, to him, to your own reverent Name.

Alas, I am in fault; his Blood will blot
My credit and infect my Conscience,
With guilt and restless tears; I shall be thought
The Murderer of the Man that loved me.

Urf. Plead no more, you lose your Labour; I say
bring out the Traytor. [*Enter Herc. bound, and Officers.*
Come, Sir, you have stolen my Daughter; where is my
Child? Carry him to the Judge, here is his Accusation,
away with him.

[*Trivoltio and Ariomana fall on their knees.*

Triv. O! Stay one Day, give time unto your Passion,
Things rashly done are punish'd with Repentance:
Within few Hours you would redeem his Life
At any Price; to pacify the conflicts,
O your own mind torn with the guilt of Sin.

Urf. Go with him I say and leave my Daughter: A-
way Knaves to Justice. [*They offer to go.*

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. Stay, gentle Serjeants; you will pity me,
Though too much hardened with Cruel deeds,

[*She falls on her knees.*

O! You have had enough of our best Blood;
Pardon my Brother; pardon me my Life,
I am a silly Maid; I have not wrong'd you,
I have always loved Peace, and hated Quarrels;
Do not take away my Brother that loved you,
And only sought the Love of your fair Daughter.

Urf. Arise fair Maid, for you I am sorry; I can scarce refrain to weep: I have no offence with you; I am not angry, but Justice must not be deluded. I could forgive any thing but the loss of *Parthenia*; that I cannot, Pray arise, take them away.

Lav. Is there no remorse, is all pity fled To Heaven, must I there seek for mercy! O! teach me not to curse and summon you, Before a juster and severer Judge, Than any dwells on Earth, on wicked Earth.

Herc. Alas! I am wounded, I am now executed, if Death had come before I had seen thee, I had died happy; it had prevented this Torture. My Sister, my *Lavinia* shew yourself *Collonni's* Child, weep not for me, sue not to him; upbraid me not that I can live or die at his Pleasure; remember he slew our Father; I shall fall for what after Ages shall call a Virtue, desire of peace; when the severity of *Verona* shall be condemned for Tyranny.

Lav. Have you travelled no farther, have you deceived me? Lady will not you speak: *Trivoltio* was not he your friend, have you not brought him to all this Misery?

Triv. Mountains fall upon me: O my friend; O my once beloved *Lavinia*.

Ariom. Renounce me for your Child; hate me, for I have now no Honour, nor no comfort left.

Herc. If you be my Sister, and you once my Idol; and you my Lord *Trivoltio*, desire I should die in Charity with any body, entreat not for me, him I can forgive, you I cannot, to beg for an infamous Life given by an Enemy; farewell till the last Day.

Urf. The matter is publick; I cannot with mine Honour put it up; I want a Child yet, where is she? let my cause be heard, and then I will consider it; Lady *Lavinia* I will be your friend; my credit is engaged; away Varlets carry him to the Hall.

[*They offer to go.*]

Enter

Enter Parthenia.

Part. Whither do you carry my Master? Avant Blood-hounds, let loose your fangs; O that I were a Man, I would mince their Coward Lungs; My, Lord will you go with these Vultures? break these Cords, let us fight and die.

Herc. More Grief! more Torments: O! that I had 'scaped thee, for thou lovest me too; Sister take this Boy as my last and greatest Legacy; It is a Jewel whose worth the World knows not.

Part. I will not be given away, I will die; where is that hard hearted Lord, let me see him.

[Falls on her knees.

Sir, you are an old Man, and know what it is to lose Children: Speak, hath Mercy any concern in your Heart, he must not die.

Herc. Alas, my Boy!

Par. I was always a Beggar, and found pity in Strangers: For the love of your own Children, be compassionate!

Urf. I am almost melted. O! that there were any means to save my Reputation, and to satisfy the Censure of Justice, that will now tax me; good Youth, I have no more Children to pity.

Part. You gave *Trivoltio* at this Lady's suit; give him to me.

Herc. Thou do'st ill requite my Love to thee, with shame and trouble at my Death.

Part. O! but I love you still, and you shall live, or I will alive leap into your Tomb, and serve you for an Angel to guide you up to Heaven: My Lord *Ursino*, hear a Wretch's Prayers; you had a Daughter, they say lost; for her sake lose not your self in Infamy, remember your Grief for her.

Urf. O! were she here; were she to ask my Life, I could not deny her.

Part. If she should sue, would you grant her?

Urf. By the hopes of a Father, I would grant her all I have, or could.

[She discovers herself.

Part.

Part. I am *Parthenia*,
 Pardon me, my Lord, I am *Parthenia*;
 That happy Daughter, lost to save his Life:
 O! do not wonder! Heaven can do more,
 There Mercy is so cheap, and Providence
 So great, that it confounds all human Sense.
 Ask me not why I went away, nor whither;
 I thought my self undone; you thought me lost;
 But all this Evil now is turned to Good:
 With you, my Father, I have kept my Promise,
 Within one Year to be restored to you,
 A perfect Maid; and so I am, unknown till now,
 As this is true so let the Heavens bless me.

Urf. O! wondrous strange, I shall die the other way
 of extream joy, my *Parthenia*, is it possible; a Maid and
 honest?

Part. Yes, a Maid as chaste as Infancy; have Patience
 my Father;
 And I shall tell you Histories of Wonder,
 But do you pardon Lord *Herculeo*
 And give me to him, if he desire it.

Urf. I do, and pardon ask of him; let loose,
 Let loose my Son, my Son, the gift of Heaven;
 That brings me Life, and inward peace of mind,
 That hath discharg'd my Soul of bloody Sin,
 And wash'd me clean of Malice and Revenge;
 O! Pardon me, my Lord, unwilling wrongs,
 And take my Daughter for a Recompence.

Part. Nay, stay Sir, I must first speak with you. Do
 you not remember my Vow, that I would never love
 any but you; nor serve any but you a poor Boy as I
 seemed? Is there not providence in this, did not you
 first Love *Parthenia*? and hath she not waited faithfully,
 and at last kept all promises even to save your Life?

Herc. I confess all, and more than you can challenge.

Part. Will you then be friends with my Father?

Herc. I will: I cannot speak for Joy: I forgive all:
 Sir, at once I bury all my hatred in this Name; I am
 most happy to be your Son: (*He embraces the company.*)

My

My Lord *Vincentio*, accept me for your Brother: *Ariomana*, I have only changed a Name with you, *Trivoltio*, it was a good Spirit.

Enjoy thy Love and me as another Heart.

To you the Wonder of all virtuous Maids,

I know not what to offer; my new Life!

Alas! you gave it me, it was your Bounty.

Take all at once, take me, and what I am;

For I can give no more, you must confess

That secretly, I vowed as much to you,

When I in rage forswore all Female Habit,

These things are far above the power of Stars,

That may have influence on Inanimates:

But such Directions, such internal guidings,

Of minds and purposes so different,

To meet in one firm end, is beyond Nature.

Urf. In the Name of all this company,

I pronounce fulness of Joy to you and us.

All. And we confirm it, happy be this Day!

Herc. Stay; my Joy cannot be full until

I have embraced this constant Pious Nun;

O! my dear Sister, now my Heart doth swell,

A Brother! is a Name, so far below thee;

A debt of Nature, is not worth presenting,

Here then, here is a Jewel that shall pay

All that I owe; with her exchange your Love.

[*The Ladies salute.*]

Lav. Now I am more content to die than ever; I have all I can wish, my dearest Brother, and his most dear Love, both, and one happy.

Urf. All is above my hope; I know not who to thank, where to stand, what to do; but I will keep a solemn Wedding, feed all the poor in *Verona*, redeem all the Prisoners, build Alms-houses and Hospitals; and when all is done, die rich in true contentedness.—

But stay all is not well, I have not asked this Lady pardon; can you the sweetest of your kind forgive me? have not I taught you to want Mercy.

Lav. No, Sir, I am past forgiveness; I already Love

you.

Urf.

Urf. Then my Conscience hath no scruple, all is right; shall we go in and be merry? and yet there is a Breach in this universal Mirth, it is not compleat, except you had a Mate; we want one for you, but Heavens will provide.

Lav. Another Blessing, Sir, of a chaste Life.

Vinc. I think every word we speak is Prophecy.

I never meant to marry, yet am forced:

This is the Lady Destiny hath chosen

To be my Wife: I cannot then resist,

This is she.

The only Woman that did deadly hate me:

Then I must yield, and make this Joy flow over.

Sir, if you give me leave, and this fair Maid

Consent, she shall not want an honest Husband.

Urf. Wilt thou make me happy? more Blessings yet!

My Son *Herculeo*, now I beg, give me your Sister;

Trivoltio, *Ariomana*, now speak for me.

Herc. I hope there is no need my Sister fees,
Those Concords are not chances but much more,
Then crown this Day *Lavinia* with thy Wedding.

Lav. I could do any Thing were lawful; but pardon me my Lord *Ursino*: O! do not take it in Disdain most worthy *Vincenzio*: If I obey not, I do not refuse, but profess it is out of my Power: I am not mine own to give away, *Herculeo* knows my Vow sealed in Heaven, Many Parts concur and seem to release me. For I swore never to marry any but one that had forsworn me; that it may be you have done: Yet I am not at Liberty; I must live a Maid unless my Father give me, and he is dead.

Herc. His Spirit doth command it; I am thy Father;
O! do not oppose this Happiness.

Lav. You are a Witness it is not Obstinacy: I am sorry I cannot.

Urf. Will you refuse to do a good Deed? I will buy a Dispensation for you to marry him if he were thy Father.

Triv.

Triv. As in some Measure I have been the Means
Of making Peace in this our happy Meeting:
So will I perfect what was well begun,
Then have but Patience, and I'll soon dissolve,
The fair *Lavinia's* rash and giddy Vow,
And Count *Collonni* shall confirm the Deed.

[*Exit, and re-enters with Count Collonni. They stand amazed.*]

Coll. Be not amazed, my Friends, you thought me dead,

But Fate preserved me for a better End;
In fitter Time I will resolve your Doubts.
Witness ye Gods! how much I do approve,
This happy Union of our jarring Feuds;
'Twas I that gave this Counsel, fought this Match,
That taught my Son Lessons of Charity,
Hard for a Youth to learn that lost a Father;
I promised him my Help, he hath obey'd me,
And kept my Words in Mind, my Blessing on him.
All is accorded but mine only Daughter,
My Love, my Joy, my scrupulous *Lavinia*,
She would not take a Husband 'till I gave her;
Her Vow was rash, but to perform was Piety;
Lavinia give thy Hand to that brave Lord,
Take him, my Girl, thy Father bids thee marry;
Love still conduct you, and let your Issue
Spread as a Vine from the Alps unto the Sea.
O my *Trivoltio*! thy matchless Friendship,
My Span of Life too small can ne'er repay;
Yet as each Day succeeds

Herculeo will be proud to own it,
Whilst he enjoys the Bliss you gain'd him,
In fair *Parthenia*.

Herculeo my Son,
Ne'er let the boiling Passions of your Youth
O'erthrow the Dictates of your cooler Reason,
But as herein you've followed Virtues Steps,
And walk'd by Honour's great and glorious Rules,
So shall Success attend your Actions here,

And

And Heaven reward your Piety above,
 Happy *Verona* shalt thou be in Peace,
 Since Count *Ursino* joins my fair Intent,
 To end these but too long mistaken Broils,
 Raised and supported by pretended Friends.

Urf. That I approve, wirnels this kind Embrace,
 I have more Joy than fits Mortality :

Let us go in and sacrifice to Heaven,
 Where Man on Providence hath set his Rest,
 By seeming Crosses he's divinely blest.
 With Pleasure he shall Sorrows past relate,
 Nor fear the future more than present State.

F I N I S.



PROLOGUE.

By a Friend.

WHEN the young Soldier makes his first Campaign
And views th' embattel'd Squadrons on the Plain,
His flut'ring Heart starts back at the new Sight,
Shock'd with the various Horrors of the fight;
Then Honour bids the noble Youth engage,
And he resolv'd, goes on with manly Rage,
The martial Sounds begin to please his Ears,
And big with Glory he forgets his Fears.
Our Author's Case and his are just the same,
This his first Tryal on the Stage of Fame;
Resolv'd to venture for the glorious Prize,
And must attain to Honour or he dies;
He dies as many Authors have before,
That is; as Poet, he shall be no more.
Yet this Remark, perhaps, you'll make with Scorn,
He who a Poet dies, must be a Poet born.
Well, Poet, Warriour, call him what you will,
The Criticks dare not use a Soldier ill.
What, tho' no Honour to his Quill be paid,
He yet may hope to win it by his Blade.
But you, fair Ladies, whose bright Looks inspire,
And fill the Soldiers Hearts with Poet's Fire;
If you be please, he can no higher aim,
For your Applause, he counts the Top of Fame,
Then his young Muse to your Protection take,
And save the Poet for the Soldier's Sake.

E P I.

LADIES and Gentlemen, your many Favours,
Kindly support the Poet's weak Endeavours,
He sent me to you here to plead his Cause,
And pay his Debt of Thanks for your Applause.
Dread Criticks then, forbear your hissing Spight,
Since we've the fair Ones on our Side to Night.
And sure this Reason ev'ry Taste will fit,
From the soft Fopling to the careful Cit.
Besides their Power, much greater Things can carry,
Else in the Name of Wonder who would marry;
Few can escape bright Eyes as Poet's sung,
He's more than Mortal that resists their Tongue.
Each Wife, (this marry'd Criticks know and quake)
Can like Diana, an Acteon make;
And tell me then whatever Sages say
Think you not this the Cornu Copix.
Ye gentle Beaux whatever Shape you chuse;
Toss the huge Bag, or trail a length of Cues;
You're pleas'd at least, here's Dress, Love, Rhime and M
sure,
And what are Sense and Wit to Men of Pleasure.
But tell me how ye like me in these Cloaths,
Ecod I'd flant it with the best of Beaux;
There's something in this Dress that much bewitches!
I think our Sex shou'd always wear the Breeches.
But hold—— I want to know the Author's Fate,
Women may lose their Longing if they wait.
He humbly begs you may suspend your Rage,
Give him this once but Quarter on the Stage,
And I dare venture to lay one to ten,
He never comes to trouble you agen.
Then kindly show your general Consent,
By one loud Clap we'll know you're all Content.